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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3115

10 MAY 1961

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SOMETHING FOR YOUR MONEY

SOMETHING of an idea of this week's entertainment...

Something topical: The Queen is going to inspect the transformed High Street of Windsor this week. Every shop, every sign, every building, has been repainted to a uniform style, discarding the muddle that commerce and time accumulate between them. The public-spirited organization responsible for this beautification is The Civic Trust, whose work is described by Cynthia Ellis and photographed by Romano Cagnoni on page 329...

Something provocative: Having a boat isn't enough now that everyone's taking to the water. So what is prescribed for the landlubber who sails in quest of social uplift? J. Roger Baker considers *How to be U on a boat* on page 352...

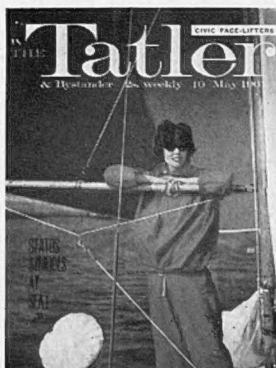
Something timely: Clothes to wear for sailing holidays (page 345) and places to go for sailing abroad (page 327)...

Something surprising: A pet-lover's sport that the English haven't thought of—competitive birdsinging, described by Fleur Cowles (page 336)...

Something old, something new: The familiar face of *The world's most photogenic Prime Minister* in some new studies by Alan Clifton (page 341)...

Something, it's hoped, for everyone...

The cover:



VERNON STRATTON, Olympic yachtsman who handles a camera at sea with the same confidence as he brings to the helm, photographed this picture aboard the Swallow-class Toucantoo in Chichester Harbour. The girl's rig is a sailing suit from Jaeger's, Regent Street, and costs 11½ gns. For more sailing clothes, turn to page 345

Next week: The Summer Fashion number...



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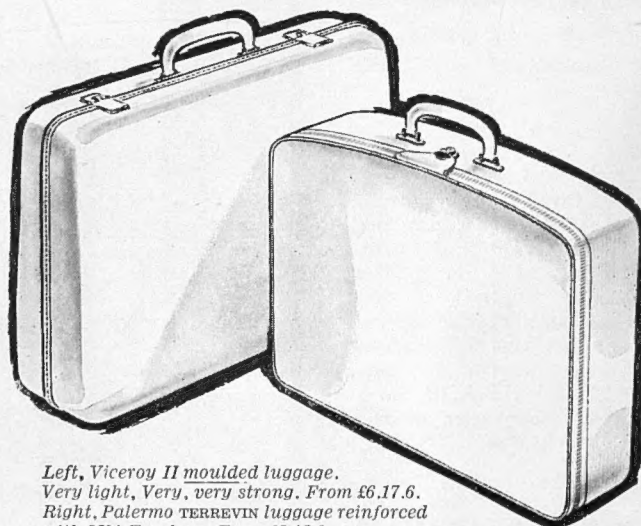
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

First Royal Garden Party, tomorrow, at Buckingham Palace.

Pied Piper Ball (to be attended by Princess Margaret), tomorrow, at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Tickets: £2 12s. 6d. from Miss E. Ellis (GER 2774).

Royal Windsor Horse Show, 11 to 13 May, at Home Park, Windsor.

Floral Luncheon, 12 May, at the Savoy, in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. Tickets: £2 10s. from Appeals Organizer, 35 Thurloe St., S.W.7 (KEN 6663).

Chichester Festival Theatre Ball, 12 May, at Arundel Castle.

Point-to-points on 13 May: East Sussex at Ringmer, Isle of Wight at Wareham, Middleton & Middleton East at Whitwell-on-the-Hill, Minehead Harriers & W. Somerset at Holnicote, Worcestershire at Upton-on-Severn.

Gardens of The Owl House, Lamberhurst, Kent (home of the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava), to be opened on 13 May by Lady Barnett, in aid of the Horder Centres for Arthritides.

May Ball, 13 May, at Skindles Hotel, Maidenhead, in aid of the Ockenden Venture. Tickets: 2 gns. from Mrs. E. van den Bergh, 8 Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent.

Victoria League Diamond Jubilee Reception (to be attended by the Queen & Prince Philip), 15 May, at St. James's Palace. Ticket inquiries to Col. Clarke, Victoria League House.

Royal Caledonian Ball, 15 May, at Grosvenor House. Tickets: £2 15s. or (including dinner) £3 15s. from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

Chelsea Flower Show, 17 to 19 May (Private View 16 May), at Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Evening Art Auction, 16 May, at

Christie's, 8 King Street, S.W.1, in aid of the Save the Children Fund and Children and Youth Aliyah.

The England Ball, 16 May, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. Tickets: 2½ gns. from Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor (KEN 6168.)

Preview of "The Sound of Music" (to be attended by the Duchess of Kent), 17 May, at the Palace Theatre in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

Gala Performance of "On The Avenue" (to be attended by Prince Philip), 17 May, at Queen's Theatre, in aid of London Youth Club work.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Ripon, today; Newmarket, Bath, today & tomorrow; Haydock Park, Lingfield Park, 12, 13; Newcastle, 13; Wolverhampton, Ayr, 13, 15; Brighton, 15, 16; York, 16-18; Salisbury, 17, 18 May.

Steeplechasing: Uttoxeter, tomorrow; Newton Abbot, 12, 13; Market Rasen, 13; Southwell, 15 May.

CRICKET

Australians v. Lancashire, Old Trafford, 10-12 May; v. Surrey, the Oval, 13, 15, 16 May; v. Cambridge U., 17-19 May.

GOLF

English Amateur Championship, Wentworth, Surrey, to 13 May.

GLIDING

National Championships, Lasham, near Alton, Hants, 13-21 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden. *Falstaff*, tonight (first perf. of season), 12, 17 May, 7.30 p.m.; *Aida* (last perf. of season), 15 May, 7 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m. tomorrow; Royal Ballet School in *Les Patineurs*



ERICH AUERBACH

Artur Rubinstein will play concertos by Tchaikovsky and Chopin with the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall on 16 May. Conducting the concert is Carlo Maria Giulini, who is conducting the new production of *Falstaff* at Covent Garden, whose first performance is tonight

& Pineapple Poll, 2.15 p.m., 13 May; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., 13 May; *Le Baiser De La Fée*, *Les Sylphides* and *Antigone*, 7.30 p.m., 16 May.

Royal Festival Hall. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent, with Michelangeli (piano) 8 p.m., tonight; London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Josef Krips, 8 p.m., 13 May; Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Carlo Maria Giulini, with Artur Rubinstein (piano), 8 p.m., 16 May. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concerts. The Melos Ensemble, 7 p.m., 14 May. (MAY 5091.)

FIRST NIGHT

St. Martin's Theatre. *Time & Yellow Roses*, 11 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Coombes. For this week's see page 356.

Ross. "... this fine play ... Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly ... magnificent teamwork." Michael Bryant, Brinsford Mason, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket, WHI 9832.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 356.

G.R. = General release.

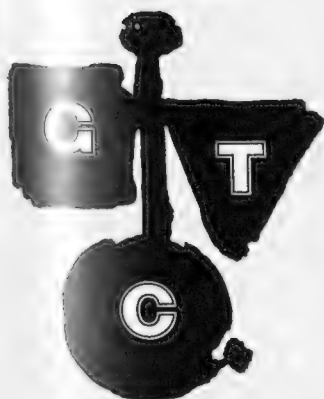
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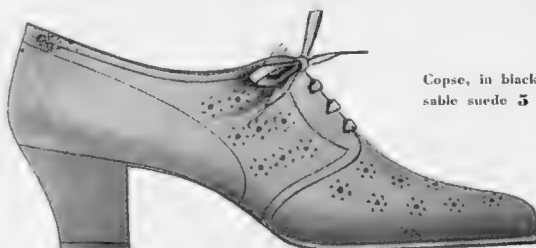
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GOING PLACES LATE

Danny guys the girls

Douglas Sutherland

THE FIRST NIGHT CLUB I WAS EVER taken to was the 400 in Leicester Square. It was after attending a performance of *Hamlet* and I shall never forget the sense of shock at seeing Ophelia sitting at the next table calmly tucking into champagne and devilled kidneys.

I felt much the same when I met Daniel Patrick Carroll for luncheon the other day. The last time I saw this bronzed Irishman with the crushing handshake he was conquering the customers at **Winston's Club** with the most famous female impersonation act since Babette. His stage name is Danny La Rue.

Late night entertainment in London clubs has a certain sameness—Late Night Lovelies, Les Girls and the X-Club Follies are much the same wherever you go so it is a pleasure to report that the show at Winston's, compered by Danny La Rue, is definitely a show with a difference. The current edition is produced by Harry Dawson and has all the ingredients you expect in a plushy night club plus a theatrical flair that owes much to the principal star. There

are few nights when the audience does not include a sprinkling of stage folk—a good recommendation in itself. People like Ava Gardner, Lady Docker and Diana Dors come to see themselves outrageously guyed—and stay to cheer. The secret, says Danny La Rue, is to make as much fun of oneself as the person you are taking off. He does not subscribe to the commonly held view that most women have no sense of humour about themselves. In fact he finds them better audiences than the men.

Greatest menace from the night club entertainer's point of view, he claims, and I can well believe it, is the life and soul of the party at the table in the corner who is determined to establish his reputation as a far wittier fellow than any professional. As a customer I would add to that the people who drown the show with chatter. La Rue takes four months out a year to play pantomime, which most theatricals consider the hardest work in the business. After eight months playing the night clubs he finds pantomime a rest cure.

Talking of hard work spare a thought for the club pianist who provides background music in the smarter West End bars. Music at these places must be in essence unobtrusive but no artist likes to remain in the background altogether. I would pick out two top line pianists in particular who manage to strike exactly the right balance without losing their personalities. One is Joe Potton at the **Tree Trunk Club** in Albemarle Street and the other the ineffable Tom Nichol at **Siegi's** in Charles Street.

I looked in the other night at the **River Club**, which occupies a delightful position on the Embankment pretty well opposite Dolphin Square. Here you can sit in the window of the restaurant and watch the brightly lit boats chugging about their business up and down the river. In the summer this club is a difficult place to get a table at unless you book well in advance, but the food and the excellent service make it worth while. Prices are in the top bracket but it does not seem to deter their flourishing list of members. Plenty of parking space for even the largest Rolls may be an inducement.

Cabaret calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Lena Horne, last week. Sophie Tucker from 15 May.*

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Tony Bennett, last week. Patti Page from 15 May.*
Society (REG 0565) *Maggy Sarraque, French singer.*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves.*
Quaglinos (WHI 6767) *Clifford Stanton.*

Astor (GRO 3181) *Sonny Teale & Co.*

Winston's Club (REG 5411) *Winston's Merry-go-round with Danny La Rue.*

Embassy (HYD 5275) *Davy Kaye and The Wanted Five, musical group.*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Diana Decker.*



From Covent Garden to cabaret, Adèle Leigh is now appearing at the Savoy for a limited season

GOING PLACES TO EAT

From modern to trad

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Chanterelle, 119 Old Brompton Road. (KEN 0292.) Open on Sunday evenings. An established favourite with many young people, it represents the changing taste in restaurants. Plain, polished wood walls, modern furniture and lighting, a place in which to eat well but not to linger in opulent comfort. The smaller tables are too close together for my liking, but this is the fashion today. The large menu is basically Anglo-French, and the standard of cooking high. The wine list could be appreciably better, but the prices are reasonable. For food, reckon on paying from 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. for the main course. W.B.

Pastoria, St. Martin's Street, just out of Leicester Square. (WHI 8641.) C.S. Even if it had no other virtues I would praise this restaurant for quite often having a whole hot ham as the joint of the day, and for its *sole maison*, in which the fish is married to prawns, cream, mushrooms and brandy, among other

things. But under Adrian Pastori's direction, with his long-service staff, it is in many other ways a pleasant place for good eating. The main course will cost you about 12s. 6d., but it will be worth it. The wines are well chosen, the atmosphere pleasant, the company interesting. W.B.

The Chelsea Bun, 11 King's Road. (Opposite Peter Jones and down the court.) SLO 4629. Useful for a shopping luncheon—an adequate three-course meal costs 4s.—or something before the play at the Royal Court. Main course costs from 3s. 3d. to 4s. 9d., including plenty of vegetables. A bowl of piping hot home-made soup is 1s., the tomato & cheese rarebit for 3s. is almost a meal in itself. The cooking is good, plain and English. Décor clean-cut, modern and functional. No licence.

Maison Prunier, 72 St. James's Street. (HYD 1373.) C.S. What should one eat and drink after the theatre, assuming that one is both really hungry and thirsty? Madame

Prunier answered the first half of the question recently for my wife and myself with her admirable *Souper Intime* of three courses for 25s. 6d. We drank first a half-bottle of a still champagne Vin Blanc de Mesnil 1959 followed by a half-bottle of a Château Latour (Pauillac) 1950, and both were notable for their delicacy. W.B.

They belong to Glasgow

The Gay Gordon, 21 Royal Exchange Square. C.S. (CITY 3040.) Dancing. Open to midnight. One of the Peter Evans Eating Houses, with décor by David Hicks, this restaurant fills a real need in the city. With some of the best beef in the world produced a few miles away the emphasis on steaks and chops is wise, but the *scampi*, too, are excellent. Service is of high quality. No member of the Clan Gordon should complain, for their tartan covers walls, tented ceiling and floor. Allow about 21s. per head without wine. W.B.

Malmaison Restaurant, Central Hotel. (CENTRAL 9680.) This restaurant is further proof that it is possible to get high-class food in railway hotels. It is an established favourite with those who enjoy good cooking in amiable surroundings, and there are plenty of quality wines on its list. The Carré d'Agneau,

a sharp test of any restaurant's cooking, is excellent. It has an air of comfortable opulence, and 25s. to 30s. per head is good value for money. Luigi, one time of Glen-eagles, presides. W.B.

Lunch at Tarreg

Zaragoza to Barcelona is 180 miles of difficult driving and Tarrega is one of the few possible stops for the midday meal. I choose a modest, spotless restaurant used by local business men and long-distance lorry drivers, the **Juventual** on the town square. The cooking is first class and a four-course meal, including table wine, costs 6s. 6d. per head.

Barcelona has plenty of modern hotels; my favourite is the **Astoria** in the Calle Paris. The **Finisterre** is a good restaurant, too, about 30s. per head for dinner. The most popular fish restaurant is the **Casa Costa**, down by the harbour in the Juicio, but for fish I prefer **El Cantabrico**, Santa 11, just off the Ramblas. A meal need not cost more than 15s. per head.

I am ready to be proved wrong, but I give my prize for the best and most amusing restaurant in Spain to **Reno**, Traversa de Gracia 68. The cold fish dishes are particularly good. Cost, about 30s. per head, including wine.

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J. ALLAN CASH

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Tickets to the sea

Doone Beal

IF YOUR IDEA OF SAILING IS TO LIE on deck, a Martini at your elbow, then you must expect to pay around £200 a week for the type of yacht to do it in. But the matter of chartering a small boat on a do-it-yourself basis is less of a tycoons' proposition than I would have thought before I set out to investigate.

Denmark is superb sailing country of no less than 1,000 islands, though some of them are only large enough to contain one house. Another advantage of sailing there is that there is no tide, which obviates some tedious calculations about high and low water, and the prospect of being greeted by shining fields of mud just when you had hoped to cast off. You can charter a 4-berth auxiliary sailing yacht for £32 per week, which works out at £8 per head per week. In fact, this scale applies, pro-rata, according to the size of the boat, but there is no doubting the fact that four can live more comfortably in a six-

berth boat than six can. It all depends on relationships.

There is one base in Copenhagen, with auxiliary sailing yachts, all with motors, and another, smaller one at Sonderborg, in the south, near the German border, for sailing yachts only. I do not know this part of Denmark, but I am told that Sonderborg has a particularly beautiful location on the sound between the mainland and the island of Als. The landscape is pretty and hilly, rather like Dorset. There is no canal or river sailing in Denmark; it is all open sea, and a matter of navigating between the islands. Crew are not supplied, so it is as well to know your Denmark before you start.

One of the easiest countries of all is Holland. Take your choice between the Friesland Lakes, the Zuyder Zee or the canals. Either motor or auxiliary sailing yachts can be hired from Drachten, in Friesland, Alkmaar, on the north-east coast, Aalsmeer, near Amster-

dam, or Warmond on the Kager Lakes. Warmond is a particularly popular sailing spot with the Dutch themselves. Rates, as in Denmark, are about £8 per head per week. This, by the way, includes insurance, cutlery, linen, &c., but you must do your own fuelling and victualling.

The only organized base for chartering in France is Poincy, near Meaux in the Champagne valley. It is particularly systematic. The whole deal is more expensive, but the boats are all beautifully equipped with 6 ft. 4 in. standing room, hot and cold shower, hot and cold water in each cabin, a refrigerator in the galley and an eye to décor. Plus diesel engines, which can save something like £10 a week on fuel. The sailing is, of course, on the Marne, and the prospect of putting ashore at Epernay or Châlons is indeed a tempting one. A four-berth motor yacht costs 39 gns. a week in May, 50 gns. in June, 55 gns. in July and 62 gns. in August. This includes free transport from the station at Meaux to Poincy, where the ladies of the party are taken out to shop while the gentlemen are required to take a navigation and general test—something on which the French Government insists, as no other crew is provided.

Sailing in the Balearic or Greek islands (in fact, anywhere in the Mediterranean), a skipper is obligatory to charterers. Recalling a few sails with one's nearest and dearest. I have no doubt that such a professional might instil gentler manners. Lacking any other paid crew, the party is expected to go to work and muck in. Prices vary enormously, depending on the season, the size of the boat, and also—most important—its degree of *luxure*. It is cheaper in the Balearics—from £45 a week for four people with a skipper. In Greece, prices start at £70 a week for even the smallest boat—but not surprisingly, since sailing in the Greek islands is most people's cherished pipe dream. Equally, some owners who value their craft will *only* agree to charter with a couple of paid crew as well as skipper, putting the prices up.

Finally, one can charter from the south of England—Poole and the Solent are the chief bases—and sail across the Channel, either to explore the Brittany coast or go up the Seine to Paris. All these boats carry a crew. An 85-tonner to sleep 10 would cost £79 a week in June, £85 in August. Which, per head, is not expensive.

Lacking personal contact with a reliable Continental charterer, you will save a lot of time and correspondence by dealing with Cornelder's (78 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1) who are the leading Continental charterers in this country. They are helpful with advice, and have photographs and extensive details of all the boats on their books.

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THE TATLER 10 MAY 1961

CIVIC FACELIFTERS

The anti-ugly movement is gathering pace. The Civic Trust is bringing order and charm even into places that might be thought too set in their ways. CYNTHIA ELLIS describes the scene of the latest triumph: Windsor, where the Queen will inspect the achievement this week. Photographs by ROMANO CAGNONI



The royal borough as it was never seen before. The outer wall of the castle that formerly glowered over Thames Street has been demolished, bringing the refreshment of the grassy bank to the view. Right: Mr. Duncan Sandys launched the assault on the wall

EASTER VISITORS to Windsor as they walked up Thames Street may have noticed a group of students apparently engaged, with the connivance of the police, in breaching the wall of the Castle. They were in fact holiday volunteers helping to restore grace to the royal borough. The removal of the eight-foot wall, which made a dark alley of the main street, has been the symbol of a thorough revaluation of Windsor's

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

civic beauty. In six months, the outsides of 120 shops, banks and hotels along Thames Street and High Street have been restyled and painted, 148 traffic signs have been suppressed or amalgamated, and an unknown number of aesthetically unsatisfactory litter baskets have been replaced by pre-cast concrete cups. These last were the prize-winners in a national Litter Bin Design Contest. They are so unobtrusive that a reactionary element in the town now complains that they are too difficult to spot.

The improvements have been made through a rare kind of partnership between the Borough Council and the business people of the town. The Council played its part by resurfacing roads, decorating its property and looking with a critical and corrective eye at all street furniture. Thirty-six sleek new street lamps, like silver lozenges, are now bracketed to house walls; 18 unsightly columns have come down. Miscellaneous bus shelters, phone kiosks and gravel bins have been removed or redesigned. The Corporation has cleaned the Wren Guildhall and, with courage in both hands, painted its ceiling in what has been bravely announced as "strong peacock blue."

The shopkeepers and members of the local Chamber of Trade have, in turn, redecorated their properties at their own expense within a scheme of 30 tolerable colour tones and have restrained their individual identity to the point of unifying their trading signs and doing away with obtrusive street advertising. In an England where the liberal tradition has roots as deep as dandelions, this is real co-operation.

Windsor's transformation is one more triumph for the Civic Trust, who have vowed to "promote beauty and fight ugliness in town, village and countryside." Their overall purpose is to awaken Englishmen to the fact that their environment is not, on the whole, God-given, but made by man and as such it can be just as beautiful as they want it to be. We are, they say, a "visually illiterate nation." The educational aim is to reach not just the radical few, but the disenchanted green-grocers of England and turn them into catalysts of civic change.



The man who started it all was Windsor's deputy borough engineer, Mr. G. G. Cullingham. He saw the Civic Trust's transformation treatment in Norwich one sunny day, and his enthusiasm carried all before him. Left: Windsor as Paul Sandby saw it in 1780 before an earlier transformation (reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen)



Before and after: A shopfront that had become a sort of outsize advertisement hoarding (top right) is shown in course of conversion to a decorous citizen under uniform blue paint. Persuasion and psychology work wonders in clearing away clutter. ("Before" pictures by courtesy of Civic Trust)



CIVIC FACELIFTERS *continued*

When Mr. Duncan Sandys founded the Trust four years ago he can hardly have foreseen how fast it would progress. The first improvement scheme was Magdalen Street, Norwich. The street's new brilliance has drawn so much of the town's business that at least two other shopping streets have independently reformed themselves in self-defence. Before the transformation in Norwich, sceptics were telling the Trust: "You will never make anything of a slatternly old street like that." Afterwards, the comment was: "Of course the place had a good deal of built-in character all along."

Goaded by this, the Trust took itself to Stoke-on-Trent and chose a depressed and dismal Potteries market place in Burslem; it was given not only a new face but a new community heart as well. An overall monotone of cocoa-and-porridge has been replaced by something like Mediterranean colours, and a chaos of traffic and parked cars has been organized into a town centre.

Characteristically hidden in an obscure office in Victoria, the Civic Trust is an organization that achieves its ends by persuading other people that an improvement scheme was all their own idea; human psychology, whether it is used against property-owners or the Ministry of Transport, is its strongest weapon. It sets standards of simplicity and good character and slips quietly away to other business in other places, leaving inspired town clerks to maintain them. The ideal is supposed to be self-perpetuating.

At first it was on nothing but faith and high principles like these that

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Before and after: A touch of paint picks out Georgian plaster reliefs

the Trust lived. Then big names began to be associated with it and big industries to covenant funds, until now an annual income of £40,000 is assured—enough at least to make a useful start.

In choosing Windsor for the third big enterprise, the Civic Trust wanted to prove that even a town that was above average in appearance and already a natural attraction to weekend visitors could, with loving reappraisal, be improved out of recognition. The idea began when Windsor's Deputy Borough Engineer was invited to the ceremonial opening of Magdalen Street. The day was sunny, and Mr. Cullingham came back impressed. Soon he had persuaded the Borough Council to do the same for Windsor. The Civic Trust offered a co-ordinating architect, Noel Tweddell, who recruited a panel of local architects to take responsibility for sections of the shopping street. The talk began. Schemes were suggested and approved; toes trodden on; honour appealed to; tempers palliated. Work was put in hand.

The Corporation blacksmith gave his free time to make wrought-iron gates for the church, and parishioners painted the doors. All through April and into May it has been impossible to avoid bad luck from walking under ladders across the pavements, as house after house has been newly painted for the deadline of May 12, when the Queen is to come down from the Castle and make a tour of inspection through the town.

The herculean reform of the last six months has not liquidated all Windsor's problems, and one or two new ones have been created. In earlier years a flock of sheep have been used to graze off the grass in the Castle grounds; now it is open to the street somebody is going to have to think again.

Nor, in the nature of things, is everyone satisfied. Some uncharitable critics have looked on the new colour scheme and noticed resemblances to Battersea Fun Fair. Here and there the compromise between gloss finish and graceful antique decay may be uneasy—but Windsor has looked for the Georgian and Victorian character beneath the overlay of 20th Century Commercial, and has turned itself into one of the most comely and cherished towns in the county of Berkshire.

CIVIC FACELIFTERS *concluded*



Re-aligned fascia boards with discreetly inscribed signs are important in the overall effect of the scheme. By Friday, the pavements will be clear of scaffolding and ladders that have plagued pedestrians for months



SO MANY of my friends tell me that they travel by ship for the rest. Frankly I don't see how they get the time—for the rest, I mean. The parties start with the 12 noon whistle on the Queen Elizabeth and some people don't retire until 4 next morning. New entertainments are difficult to devise aboard ship (virtually everything has been tried) but I like the new-style race meetings. Instead of the wooden horses laboriously moved up the carpet at the throw of the dice the races are now colour movies from a Florida racecourse. This provides much of the thrill of the racecourse, with a built-in commentary. Only the horses' numbers (not their names) are used, and one of the passengers chooses the film from a locked vault after betting on each race has closed. The movies replaced the old-style races last October. Already they're great favourites with the Americans; the English passengers still seem to be

was travelling to Washington to take up the position as Counsellor (Education) at the Embassy there. With so many more scholarships and exchanges these days he will find himself in a busy job. Besides, few things interest Americans of all ages more than the British education system.

One of the things I liked about Mr. Taylor's party was that everybody *stood*. In this way you meet far more people. Most cocktail parties aboard ship are sit-down affairs; doubtless dating back to pre-stabilizer days when ships were not as reliably steady as they are now.

One of the Queen Elizabeth's cabins has been refurbished in contemporary style as a try-out for the "Q. 3," the new Cunarder to be built as a successor to the Queen Mary. It's got wood panelling with a matt finish (a happy improvement on the high gloss of the older cabins), built-in furniture, and bright, rather garish chintz curtains. Mr. F. H. K. Henrion, President of the Society of Industrial Artists, occupied it on this trip and I heard him tell a much amused table: "I've never before had so many ladies wanting to come to my cabin . . .!"

From Commodore D. M. MacLean to the Pig & Whistle (the crew's pub) the big talking point aboard the Queen Elizabeth was this new ship. (Most of the passengers were under the impression that the £18 million which the government will contribute to the cost was a *gift* and not a loan with interest payable.) I was interested to hear many passengers say that they would travel on the new ship in preference to any other—and this wasn't British pride, either. As Mrs. Nelson Trotman, vivacious wife of a Chicago lawyer, put it: "I've had 24 crossings by Cunard and I simply can't wait for the new ship. I feel that she will be perfectly enchanting." My previous meeting with Mrs. Trotman was on the Atlantic, homeward bound, five years ago.

On her last voyage to New York the Queen Elizabeth had nine scientists aboard, doing the round voyage to study vibration and the effect of the stabilizers (one American passenger brought smiles to their learned faces by always referring to the stabilizers as "the tranquillizers")—part of a study for the "Q.3."

Some happy hours of my Cunard crossing were spent in the dining-room. Entertaining aboard ocean liners is done with such style. I asked Commodore MacLean if he had a

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING

by
Muriel Bowen

making up their minds whether they like them better or not.

Sadly I discovered that the Turkish baths were more popular than the deck games—on this particular voyage anyway. It was virtually impossible to get anybody on the sports deck for more than the briefest possible acquaintance with the shuffleboard. Women, I discovered, were keener than the men on the energetic side of the ship's recreations, perhaps because (though none of us were going to admit it, of course) playing shuffleboard or riding the mechanical camel is an infinitely more pleasant way of getting the odd pound off than holding back when the lemon soufflé comes round.

We were three days out from Southampton before the first of the male passengers patronized the first-class gymnasium. He was Mr. Kenneth McNeil, an underwriter at Lloyd's. He came and had a carefree mechanical bicycle ride without any lbs.-per-hour calculations. He's got the sort of slim build which even City dinners have failed to destroy. Mr. McNeil was travelling to Vancouver in connection with the showing there of an exhibition from Lloyd's. This depicts the famous old coffee house and also "The Room." The exhibition will tour American cities later on.

The parties are the best places for meeting people aboard ship. At one of the Commodore's cocktail parties I met Mr. & Mrs. "Baby" Pignatari, en route home to Brazil via Miami. "I always travel by ship if I possibly can; I simply hate planes," she told me. Mrs. Pignatari is the former Princess Ira who made world headlines when she married at 15. She has the height of a model and is very *chic*. On this occasion she wore a bright pink linen cocktail dress with matching shoes and bag.

One of the best parties was given by Mr. Joe Taylor, the Lancashire business man, in his green and gold suite on Main Deck. Mr. & Mrs. Laurie Lee were there, and so were Mr. & Mrs. L. H. Scott (he was one of the people who *won* at bingo) and Mr. & Mrs. E. E. Y. Hales. He's been lent to the Foreign Office by the Ministry of Education and he



Mr. & Mrs. "Baby" Pignatari lunching at the Verandah Grill on board



Mr. F. H. K. Henrion in a re-furnished cabin



Mr. & Mrs. Laurie Lee dancing on the way over

successful formula for dinner-party conversation (few hosts have had so much experience). "Tell a good story early on in the evening," he suggested. "The telling is important, though. Depending on the table a certain screening may be necessary, even heavy decoding."

The Commodore chooses from the passenger list the people he would like to have at his table, and those he would like to ask to cocktails before dinner in his Day Room. Seasoned travellers keep a keen look-out for the Captain's "Tiger," the bearer of invitations. A good Tiger has an exact knowledge of his master's tastes in male and female companionship and can spot the people he's got invitations for as soon as they cross the gangway. Shipping companies believe in the old-fashioned adage that the customer is always right. Even so, I've never yet been able to turn down a Captain's invitation with a clear conscience. On board ship it has the force of a royal command.

A tall man who strides about the ship, Commodore MacLean has had a romantic sort of life. "I first went to sea in my uncle's fishing-boat," he told me. "We had herrings for breakfast, herrings for tea and herrings for dinner—there wasn't any lunch. It's a bold seafaring life off the Hebrides." He still speaks with the warm, rich tones of the Hebrides. And the Hebrides haven't forgotten him. He's just had a letter offering him the freedom of Stornoway.

Times change and ships change with them. Even herrings fall from favour. Mr. A. V. Beebe, the spruce, silver-haired Chief Steward, told me: "In my job I wouldn't mind running out of herrings but I'd never run out of caviare—I've got a reputation to keep up. You know about the couple who were offered caviare at the George V in Paris and said, 'We won't bother tonight, we can have all the caviare we want aboard the Queen Elizabeth tomorrow night.'"

Mr. Reg Holmes, the Queen Elizabeth's purser, is a big, burly Liverpudlian with a shock of steel grey hair. He's a gifted storyteller, using just the right amount of mimicry to bring out the true flavour. I know people who used to travel on the old Britannic just to be at his table.

To me there is no thrill in the world to match the excitement of going down to the sea in big ships. True, they put you through lifeboat drill but this only serves as an opportunity for having a good look at the other passengers. There is still a magic about big ships that efficiency and the standardization of present-day life hasn't spoilt. But getting married aboard ship was, I thought, something sunk in the past. Captains never marry couples aboard ship today; one reason is that the couples seldom have with them the papers to prove that they are legally entitled to wed. But I heard how two old customers of the Line, homeward bound from New York, got married on the Queen Elizabeth. They brought a Rabbi friend with them to perform the ceremony.



Major P. B. Snowden, one of the U.K. contingent at the Olympics, checked competitors at the finish. Below: Crews set off from the club to the yachts



BOATS AT BEMBRIDGE

It looked like plain sailing for Marlborough till a protest gave Cheltenham the chance to go forward with Rugby into the finals of the Public Schools Old Boys' yachting in late September



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Mr. B. H. Coleman and Major G. B. Godfrey-Faussett racing for the Old Wellingtonians. Their team beat Westminster, but lost to Rugby



Four boats, which were lent by Bembridge Sailing Club, cross the starting line. Below: Mr. Robert Garnham, vice-commodore of the club and co-donor of the Bembridge Trophy



Major C. C. Nainby-Luxmoore. Below: Old Wellingtonian Mr. H.E. Atkins, M.P., & daughter Julia



Old Westminster Mr. T. Eiloart, who attempted an Atlantic crossing in the balloon Small World two years ago, & Mr. M. J. Hall. Below: Uppinghamians Mr. William Cunningham and Mr. C. M. Tompkinson with a wind-indicator





A judge listens to a champion at a Continental songbird contest

When the cage was opened . . .

THE ENGLISH ARE PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST BESOTTED pet-keepers—and they are never backward at allowing their pets to turn an honest coin. Yet there is a sport not far from their shores which they have so far missed. Just across the Channel, in Belgium, bird-singing matches, with large sums of money at stake, have been going on for a long, long time. The season begins about now—and this time last year I went over to attend one given in my honour on the velvet green lawns (surrounded by a forest of wild lilies-of-the-valley) of a country house in Flanders. It was less than an hour from Brussels, yet so ancient a scene did it seem—and so unchanged the Flemish faces—that the image of Breughel hung over all the while.

Birds singing songs for prize money may not sound like sport in the accepted sense, but the principle is the same. If you find the statement ridiculous, just refer to your dictionary. Mine defines sport as “*a particular play, game or mode of ‘amusement’—any game or contest, especially one involving individual skill and physical prowess, on which money is staked.*” Birds singing for stakes fit the slot completely.

All over Belgium, men, women and children prepare for

these spring bird-contests laboriously. They need chaffinches for the competition, and there is a perfectly legal way for them to be gotten.

A licence is required—and readily sold. Once it is in hand, Belgians are free to penetrate the State woods all over the countryside, and set up their own devices for locating good songbirds to manage.

Some prowl about, ears alert, to locate the best singers—and then to catch them. Others locate a good set of parents (with one or two good voices between them), then get down to feeding them regularly and well until they have children—whom they snatch in preference to the old birds. Such progeny, they reason, are bound to sing well—and being too young to fly, are easier to catch than papas and mammas.

This bird-selecting takes great skill and is undoubtedly handed down as a talent by families. Parents teach their boys and girls to have a good eye (and an even better ear) to find birds with a good singing capacity.

What the little feathered champions will need as well as a complete and regular tremolo, is a built-in competitive urge—but no one I found has yet learned how to detect this secret ingredient in advance.

Some birds love their songs, but love only a lonely song; such sensitive creatures never do well in a tough contest and are a complete waste of time, both in the catching and in the rearing sense.

Of all Europeans, the Flemish seem to find this bird-detecting, bird-catching and bird-training easier than people of other nations. As a race, they adore everything concerning birds. Not only do they cultivate musical chaffinches for just one hour of contest in a year, but every Sunday, all year round, they race their pigeons, attended by large-scale gambling. And very few homes are without their *volières*. Inside these cages, it is routine to find from six to 100 birds flying about in riotous habitation.

When the chaffinch has been found in a forest and brought home for grooming for the singing-contest, he is given a special home of his own (designed by his owner—most often crude, sometimes amusing), in which he is fed abundantly and given every inducement to be cheerful.

On the day of the test match his life alters. The cage is darkened by a drop door. His joy is curtailed. With the blackness maintained, the cage is transported to the scene of the contest, which on the day I was present was conducted by the local Chairman of the Erembodegem branch of the *Royal Society of the Pinson Joyeux*. All over Belgium similar contests were going on.

Ninety birdcages, hidden warblers inside, were entered in the contest I witnessed. At a given signal, the cages were carried on the lawns and laid out in superbly neat parallel rows—waiting for Madam, the Chairman, to blow her whistle. Owners stood or kneeled beside their entries, impatient and ready!

The instant the whistle blew, dark windows in the cages were lifted and an opaque glass quickly dropped down in their places. Sun showed through, there was light. Even though they could see nothing through the frosted glass, the birds became hysterically happy at the return of brightness—and sang and sang and sang in concert with all their equally pleased feathered pals. The multiplication of tremolos seemed to spur them all on. . . .

The songs they sang were not music. The wild orchestration of 90 birds in chorus, which I fully expected, simply didn't occur.

Instead, each little chaffinch sang his normal tremolo—

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novel enough, and could
appeal to a nation
of pigeon racers
and budgie keepers



nothing more, nothing less (if less, it wasn't counted).

After a full tremolo was completed, a chalk-mark was added to the 6-foot long, four-sided pole which was clutched by every owner.

Witnesses stood by to lend an ear and watch the count being chalked, but I'll never know why. Honesty was never, never questioned. A man whose integrity was once doubted never got a bird in a contest again.

In exactly 60 minutes, the contest was over. Dark windows went down; tremolos stopped and notched sticks were brought forward to the judges for examination.

The winner (whose stick I had watched in some amazement getting wildly covered by chalk marks) was a little fellow called "Jacky." He had completed 672 tremolos in one short hour—and won £200. Unknown to me, it was rather a poor showing, for the bird had become famous for completing 900 tremolos in the previous year's contest.

For four years 4-inch "Jacky" had been "a champ"—in fact, in 1960, the little chaffinch had won the title of Top Bird-Singer of Belgium. Now, back to a mere 672 tremolos an hour, he was obviously on the decline. . . . I've never felt sadder for any winner before.



*Miss Ruth Norton, niece of
Sir Charles & Lady Norton*

*Miss Margaret Ann Gordon
and Mr. Tom Craig*



*Opposite: Miss Katharine Worsley, who came with the Duchess of Kent,
was welcomed by Lady Osborn, chairman of the ball, and Sir Danvers Osborn*

The Rose Ball at Grosvenor House



*Miss Katherine Milinair, daughter of the Duchess
of Bedford, looks down on the dancers*

Jiving: Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor and Mr. Richard Baker

Right: Lady Rotherwick

Below: the Princess of Pless



PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

MAYFAIR DANCES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

*Miss Jacqueline Westcott and Mr.
James Cropper. Far right: Miss
Lois Denny and Mr. Gerry Wiggin*

Trinity Foot Beagles at 6 Hamilton Place





Miss Harriet Debenham & Mr. J. Sclater, Trinity joint-Master



Mrs. Dinah de Winton and Mr. Michael Cubitt

Miss Shelagh Sinnott with Capt. Paul Greenwood of the Rifle Brigade



SPRINGTIME BRIDE

Ann, daughter of Major E. D. Shafto & of Countess Howe, was married to Brian, younger son of Sir Kenneth & Lady Peppiatt, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel

PHOTOGRAPHS : A. V. SWAEBE

Mr. Robin Peppiatt, groom's brother & best man, & Mr. Hugh Peppiatt

Mrs. Hugh Wontner, wife of the chairman of the Savoy, and Miss Jennifer Wontner



Mrs. S. Scott, the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Gibbs and Countess Howe

Above left: Sir Kenneth Peppiatt, of bank-note fame, & Lady Peppiatt

Mrs. R. Nicholl with Major E. D. Shafto, the father of the bride





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Meet the man the camera can't catch out. Turn him sideways, or focus him square-on, click him as he sits with his son amid his grandchildren's toys, or confront him as he walks with confident tread towards you. Whichever way you see him in the viewfinder it's a cinch of a picture. Almost visually genial as he buys raffle tickets . . . a natural for any photographic yearbook as he lights his pipe . . . yet always the suggestion of the weary Titan. He may not be every politician's Supermac, but he's every photographer's Mr. Macwonder. He's

THE WORLD'S MOST PHOTOGENIC PRIME MINISTER



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN CLIFTON IN THE
GROUNDS OF MR. MACMILLAN'S SUSSEX HOME



No fixed abode

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

I WILL be house-hunting, or rather flat-hunting, in London this week. After seven years based principally on Ireland, I'm returning for a few months anyway, as I indicated recently, to the octopus city of my birth and early childhood. Wherever I settle—and it's sure, I think, to be in S.W.—something—it will, as I reckon it, be my ninth town address. The first eight, if well shaken, and topped with a red cherry, would make the best of London cocktails.

I was born, I've been assured, in Chester Street, S.W.1 (there is another Chester Street in E.11), but the house was burnt to ashes, in circumstances which remain a mystery, when I was four months old, and I therefore cannot write of it from personal experience. We moved forthwith to Bloomsbury, which was fashionable in those days in almost exactly the same way as Chelsea is in these, to 10 Gower Street, W.C.1. I remember it well, though we were there only five years, and I cannot therefore have been more than 5½ when we left.

At the back, an iron stairway led down from the first floor to a stone or concrete yard. In the yard there was a kennel, behind which I once concealed all the hot water bottles in the house. (I happened to have an aversion for hot water bottles; I should be grateful if any tame psychologist could explain this.) Beyond the yard there were leafy gardens, shared by us with perhaps half-a-dozen neighbours, wherein I was wheeled in my pram by monkey-like Nanny Johnson, who had been my father's nanny, too.

My sharpest recollection of those years is of a strange, exotic bird, brilliantly blue, and crested, who on two successive summers—1924 and 1925—miraculously appeared in the gardens for a few short days, to the wonder of everyone. He must, I suppose, have escaped from a zoo, but where did he spend the winters? The following summer, our last at Gower Street, we waited in vain for him; he never appeared again.

Katharine was born in that house, whence we moved because Wynne was "on the way," and my parents believed that they needed a larger establishment. Our move, in effect, was from Euston to Paddington: to 53 Porchester Terrace, to be precise—a fully detached, rather grand, house with a garden of its own, big enough for a tennis court. There were mullin-men and lamplighters and hansoms in Porchester Terrace. We went for daily walks in nearby Kensington Gardens, usually to the Round Pond, with me on a scooter or fairy-cycle, K. being pushed by Nanny, and Wynne by one of a long succession of nursemaids, of whom I now only remember Constance.

I went every day to Arnold House School, of which Miss Hanson, whom we had to call "Sir," was the principal. And I still see little boys in grey flannels, wearing the same well-remembered caps (green and red stripes, like the late Aly Khan's racing colours) whenever I find myself in St. John's Wood even now.

Everything broke up in the thirties, and I spent more of that disintegrating decade in Sussex and Ireland than in the Big Smoke. "53" lingered on for a while, usually empty or rented to someone else, till eventually it was sold, *circa* 1936. I discovered afterwards that it was hit during the war and then repaired, to become finally six or seven separate self-contained flats instead of a gentleman's residence. The other day I went back to have a look at it. In this I did not succeed; it had been razed completely, along with its neighbours, to make way for a great housing estate, already humming with life. There only remained three or four plane trees, which were once in our garden, and which have been cleverly retained as part of the new layout.

My father had a flat in Hurlingham: 116 Rivermead Court, on the ground floor, with a fine view through wide windows of the busy river. My mother had a varied assortment of addresses, of which I chiefly remember 45 Springfield Road, just around the corner from long-left Arnold House. It was hit by a stick of incendiaries when my mother was in it, and she wisely, and promptly, left London for Oxford. However, I cannot think of Rivermead or Springfield as "my" address. "Home," if it existed, was The Ridge, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, with Killegar beginning to make its first seductive intrusion on my schoolboy consciousness.

At the time the flying bombs were being sent over England, my mother inconsequently returned to London, and took a flat in Chelsea which it was easy to do then, thanks to the bombs. It was, not altogether coincidentally, immediately above the flat which she had taken as a young widow to marry my father; but her address in fact had changed, after 25 years, from 3 Stanley Mansions to 4 Stanley Mansion. It proved a lifesaver. I lived there with Mother for nearly a year when I left Oxford for Fleet Street; my brother duly inherited it, and then passed it to my sister, who lives there to this day. I'm grateful to the bomb launchers, if for nothing else, for having emptied it of its previous tenant in 1944.

In the vagrant Fleet Street years, I lived at three different Chelsea addresses, in Walpole Street, Tite Street and Redcliffe Road, and also in some miserable rooms in Paddington Street, W.1, in a building which, like "53," has since been torn to pieces. I had, I found, been wrong to leave S.W., and I returned with little delay—this time to the basement of 17 Eccleston Square, my last-known London resting-place.

Now I'm vagrant again; for a day or two, anyway, I have no fixed abode. You are unlikely, however, to find me on the Embankment, or Wandering Abroad and Lodging in the Open Air (as the police courts put it). My spies in London have been active and have sent back their reports. What I *really* want, I told them, is a blue bird in my garden; but I suppose, in the end, I'll have to make do with sparrows.



TERENCE FREEMAN

SHIP SHAPES

After leave the actual sailing to the man in the boat—even if you're an expert yourself he'll like it better that way. Just be ready to catch the line he hurls at you and make sure to be wearing seamanlike clothes that really shape up to the job. Like these tapered white cotton pants worn with a sleepeless woven cotton T-shirt with navy stripes on white and topped by a hardy blue sailcloth jacket. Prices are £2 10s., 3 gns. and £2 12s. 6d. respectively, all from Simpsons, Piccadilly, who have clothes to solve all sailing holiday problems ashore and afloat

Photographs by
John Cole

SHIP SHAPES

CONTINUED

Bright colours and daring contrasts win at sea as evidenced by this pale blue sailing smock of proofed poplin worn with Lee Cooper bright yellow denim jeans and topped by a royal blue angora cap with a white pompon. All from Pindisports, Holborn, smock £3 0s. 9d., jeans £1 2s. 6d., cap 8s. 6d. Man's towelling shorts of striped navy and white and shirt in navy cotton bouclé, white-edged, from all Jaeger Men's branches including Cowes, the shorts 45s., shirt 79s. 6d. The boat is Fairey Marine's Atalanta



Science helps sailors by providing fibres that will stand up to a salt-water soaking and dry out quickly with no harm done. That's the case with the white Orlon sweater worn here with blue shorts of real sailcloth saddle-stitched in white. From Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, sweater 4 gns., shorts 25s. Man's striped navy with white cotton slacks 6 gns., and heavy hogsback navy sweater also 6 gns., from all Jaeger Men's branches

Dior launches sweaters (right) knitted in a large stitch in soft giant-ply wool to combine glamour with commonsense warmth. Navy sweater on the left knitted diagonally in a chevron pattern is edged with bands of scarlet and white. The white has an outsize sailor collar edged with navy and scarlet. They cost 20 gns. and 22 gns. respectively. Exclusive to Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W.1, who also have the tapered cotton slacks, navy 5 gns., white 6 gns.



For deep sea sailing and the weather that goes with it, a storm-proof jacket and slacks by Gannex. These are lightweight but completely waterproof and are made in a gay cherry red or, alternatively, cornflower blue. The jacket costs £11 15s. and the slacks 6 gns., both from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3, who also have the essential Dunlop rubber-soled canvas shoes and stout blue ribbed wool socks. These cost £1 8s. 6d. and 7s. 9d. respectively

For smart shoregoing a simple sleeveless dress in white Orlon with a drawstring waist and brass buttons at the neckline. It washes and dries in moments, will emerge uncreased after the most hurried packing. Worn with it is a navy blue wool reefer jacket and a scarlet and white silk square. Red leather casual shoes cost 6½ gns. from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street, W.1. The dress costs 11 gns., the jacket 12 gns., from Simpsons, W.1. In the background is Prince Philip's Bluebottle



SHIP SHAPES

CONTINUED

For those first appearances on deck before the day has had a chance to warm up, Jaeger have designed some husky sweaters that take the shivers out of early morning sailing. The example on the right is in a heavy knit cable stitch—it is also available in white. The sweater can be bought at Jaeger's Regent Street branch only and the price is £4 19s. 6d.



SHIP SHAPES

CONTINUED

Good-looking cardigan designed by Jaeger in white Courtelle has the twin virtues of comfort and adaptability—it's equally at home afloat or ashore. Extra bonus is the fact that it will wash quickly and easily and will dry without problems. The cardigan is edged with a fine band of scarlet and navy and worn here with navy Bedford cord slacks. Both are at all Jaeger branches, the cardigan costs £7 19s. 6d., the slacks 5½ gns. The cardigan also comes in other colour combinations



Scarlet and white striped knitted Egyptian cotton jumper is worn with navy linen Daks trousers with elastic straps under the feet and cuffed ankles. A white Courtelle double-breasted jacket with brass buttons and a comfortable pair of rope-soled lace-up blue canvas shoes complete this on- and off-shore outfit. All are from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1, prices: jumper 2 gns., trousers 5 gns., jacket £6 9s. 6d., shoes £1 2s. 6d. On the jetty of the Royal Island Sailing Club freshly-painted mooring buoys await launching



Proofed poplin sailing jacket has a warm kapok lining—you don't need a sweater underneath. Outside is a gay royal blue, underside a pale yellow. Worn with it are navy sailcloth trousers and navy wool gloves with non-slip rubber padded fingers. All from Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, prices: 13 gns., £2 7s. 6d., 21s. 6d. Lightweight dinghy is Fairey Marine's Duckling, male passenger is interior decorator Ken Partridge off to design a nautical décor for the Royal London Yacht Club's Cowes Week Ball



How to be U with a BOAT

by J. Roger Baker

Even the House of Lords has noticed. In debate recently it was observed, with a shade of regret perhaps, that "yachting is no longer a rich man's sport but the pastime of thousands." Once, just to sail at Cowes set a man apart. *Sail*, note, for anything to do with motors (other than on one of those fair-sized ships quaintly called yachts) was an automatic disqualification. Today these are tolerated at Cowes—even at Bembridge. So the situation is confused not only by droves of launches and speedboats but by bank clerks from the Midlands and stock-brokers from the Home Counties who swarm to the water at weekends. It has got to the point where it takes an experienced sailor to detect the upstart. But no amount of gold braid or expensive tackle will fool him for one moment.

For a start he scorns do-it-yourself weekenders, holiday-hire types and gravel-pit splashers. As far as he is concerned even the tremendous popularity of the catamaran does not make it a particularly U boat. And as for the member of a sailing club who spends his weekends dashing about in a little pack of coloured sails, such unimaginative stuff to him is the antithesis of real sailing.

Similarly, the river is regarded as at best a sort of sailing nursery and there is total ostracism for the motor boat type who treats it as a natural extension of the M1 and speeds down, hooter wailing, creating a stiff wind in the willows, and havoc and high water among punters, dinghies, swimmers and swans. In fact nobody—except a girl passenger—loves a speedboat man and his only way out is to follow Tommy Steele's example, and churn up the waves in private. He is buying a castle in Wales with a lake attached. His idea is to have a place where he can raise hell in his motor boat—and

invite his friends down as well to drive each other mad amid Celtic calm.

For water babies who wish to acquire recognition, learning to handle the boat is practically the only way. Dr. Reginald Bennett, the M.P. who keeps a fast skimmer motor-boat himself, mentioned the nuisance who gets tangled up with yacht races. "I've known some perfectly innocent chap wreck a whole day's racing—and the entire sequence for the year—by getting mixed up with the starting line," he says. And there were sharp words, too, from Lady Rozelle Beattie on this aspect of the upstart. "Too eager to cut a dash without mastering details," she commented. Lady Rozelle sails to European ports, and has been as far as Finland in her Swedish Folkboat. She was severe, too, about "lots of caps and gold braid."

For example, there is the fellow who loads his silver-grey all-purpose dinghy (with a perky red sail and outboard motor) on to the roof of his silver-grey Jaguar and drives the 20-odd miles or so to the nearest water towing a caravan (silver-grey). There, he changes into full yachting rig bought at reckless expense from Lillywhite's, drags out his launching trolley and plops into the sea, wearing a crafty line in anaraks, binoculars slung round his neck, *chic* little bailer at the ready (ten to one he'll need it). This type of conspicuous consumption defeats its object: it invites attention from old hands who might otherwise not notice the inexperience of his sailing.

The sea just isn't a place for cutting a sartorial dash. A man can cruise under a patched sail without committing any solecism and the cost of the boat is immaterial when status is clear by performance. It is literally a question of knowing the ropes. A professional

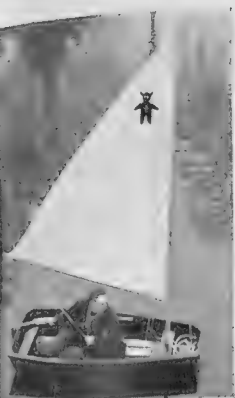
prides himself on knowing when his ropes are wearing thin and will take the proper precautions against a sudden snap, or a burst sail seam. The novice will be unaware such disasters are pending. (Unfortunately, because he sails infrequently, it may take several seasons before the regulars have the satisfaction of seeing him come a cropper.)

The sort of details of seamanship that the novice neglects, says Mr. Peter Jordan, who edits a magazine for sailing men, are forgetting to stretch his sail properly, to tie the correct knots, to make sure his ropes are not tangled; and such points as splicing are beyond him. But then, instead of mending and taking care of his equipment, he usually finds the easiest thing is to go out and buy everything afresh. The president of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, Mr. Peter Green, detests a dingy dinghy. The man whose boat is left for the night just as he's stepped out of it may be one up on the evening's gin, but he's certainly one down among the mariners.

The girl who wants her husband's nautical efforts to pay off socially may find these checkpoints useful.

1. Does he sail at Cowes?
2. Does he arrive there on own motor launch—not by the Red Funnel steamer?
3. Does his crew wear white ducks, or yellow—never blue?
4. Does he wear topsiders (expensive American shoes with non-slip soles)?
5. Has he an echo-sounder on board?
6. Does he sail an international club boat?
7. Does he belong to a Sailing Club, rather than a Yacht Club? (*but see 10*).
8. Does he belong to the right club in the area? For Chichester Harbour one must belong to the Itchenor Sailing Club; and





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those who do not join the Island Sailing Club, sail from the Isle of Wight at their own risk.

9. Is he trying to get recognized as a member of the Royal Poona Yacht Club, a largely mythical organization of which Uffa Fox and Prince Philip are members?

10. Has he swotted up the yacht racing rules?

Perhaps it is necessary to add that he must sail a yacht of Olympic class, and if he is a dinghy man he should choose a Finn. The Dragon—something between a cabin cruiser and a dinghy—is also a good thing to sail. After all, Prince Philip has one, and the Crown Prince of Greece won an Olympic medal in one. Not that these wrinkles can do more than save a man from the more ghastly gaffes. To indicate the complexity of the problem let me cite Mr. Vernon Stratton, who represented this country in the last Olympics. He comments that the smartest Finn sailors should have a boat with three masts. A Finn helmsman himself, he sails with only one. He is not therefore, the smartest. But he's among the best.

Finally, a word of advice to girls who stake their whole future on a crucial cruise with a sailing boy friend. Lady Rozelle puts it bluntly: "When sailing, you get cold, tired and wet. To try and look beautiful is silly." Some girls, of course, can look ravishing in denims and a pullover, but the warning is against overdoing the elegance and regarding the boat as a picturesque setting for your own irresistible charm. He just won't notice, and she will fail to survive the first trip. Vernon Stratton adds that any girl who can cook a three-course meal in an eight-force gale will be asked again. Even if she is not wearing a reefer jacket with club buttons instead of just ordinary brass ones.



Racing one design—a Dragon, something bigger than a dinghy

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Gilt octagonal clock copied from a French 18th-century design. An eight-day alarm, the bezel is chased and grooved. For table or wall, £35 from *Halcyon Days*, Brook Street. (Right) Gilt-framed desk clock has everything; eight-day movement, alarm, calendar and, by swivelling the outer ring, a time-check with any city in the world. £60, by *Hermes* from *Faubourg St. Honoré*, Piccadilly Arcade



Perspex-framed wall-clock by *Section*. Entirely automatic, its transistorized battery ensures that over a year it will neither gain nor lose more than few seconds. £24 from *Watches of Switzerland*, Bond Street

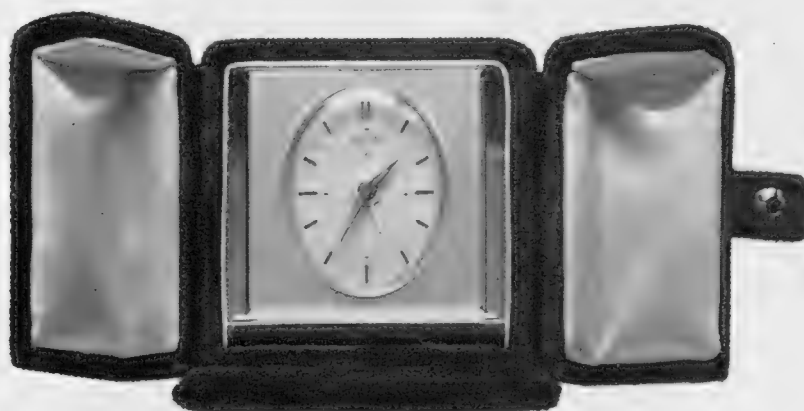


Table clock by *Jaeger-Le Coultre*. Transparent face reveals a delicate skeleton movement and crystal hour markers. Frame and stand are in satinized gilt. Eight-day movement. £58 from *Watches of Switzerland*



Miniature travelling clocks (read anti-clock-wise from above). The maroon suede case of *Hermes'* eight-day clock opens to show white silk lining. Square frame is engine-turned silver gilt and the dial is luminous. In two sizes from £65 from *Faubourg St. Honoré*. Clean-cut gilt-framed alarm clock in Florentine green leather case. £17 5s. from *J. W. Benson*, Bond Street. Boudoir clock designed by *Asprey* of Bond Street. 18 carat gold basket-woven frame, moulded leaf hands. Dial and feet are of turquoise. £650. Below, small enough for a handbag, *Movado's* clock has a snap-shut crocodile case, and a prop for bedside use. In black, nigger or golden brown—or 18 carat gold. £62 5s. or—in gold—£244 5s. from *Watches of Switzerland*





Three geisha girls (Miyoshi Umeki, Michi Kobi & Tsuruko Kobayashi) in *Cry For Happy*

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Much Ado About Nothing, and **Hamlet**. Royal Shakespeare Theatre. (Christopher Plummer, Geraldine McEwan, Newton Blick, Ian Bannen, Brian Murray.)

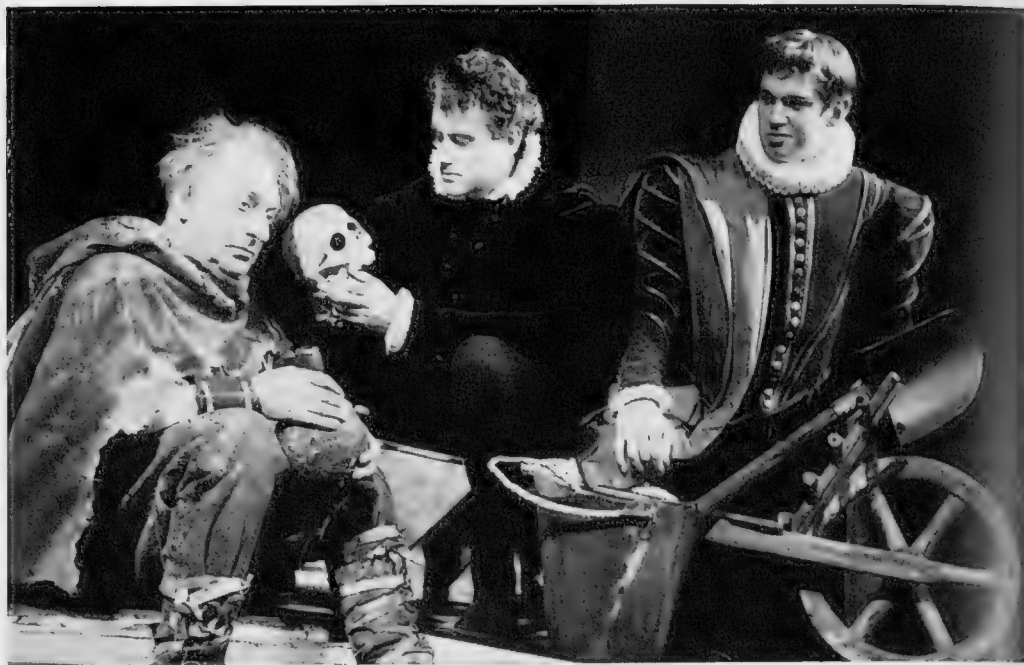
Plays astray at Stratford (on A)

IT MAY BE IN THE NATURE OF things, but it is sad nevertheless, that at a time when Stratford has special reasons to excel it should fall below its best. The first season since the playhouse assumed its grand new title of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, and is to get a subsidy from Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, opens disappointingly. A lacklustre **Much Ado About Nothing**, and, what is worse, a muddled **Hamlet**.

Mr. Michael Langham's production of the comedy is obviously not intended to do more than offer easy-going entertainment to tourist audiences in holiday humour. This is an end it may be said to attain, but Stratford, certainly in recent years, has made a point of giving the tourist something over and above his money's worth in mere entertainment. The more judicious among the tourists will not fail to mark the almost deliberate avoidance of poetry and also to observe that the many different styles of acting employed never look like achieving reasonable coherence.

Mr. Christopher Plummer, an actor who has gained a great reputation at Stratford, Ontario, rises

VERDICTS



The churchyard scene in *Stratford's new Hamlet*, with Newton Blick as the gravedigger, Ian Bannen as Hamlet, and Brian Murray as Horatio

assuredly to the elevation of spirit that should be reached by a good Benedick in his exchange of raillery with Beatrice, but once he has soliloquized himself from a sworn bachelor into a man "horribly in love" a spirit goes out of him and he seems to lose grip on the part. Miss Geraldine McEwan plays Beatrice as a pert modern miss and is effective in a prosaic way. She dispenses almost entirely with the airs and graces of the traditional Beatrice, and, truth to say, without the delightful distractions we are forced to examine rather too closely the Elizabethan notion of witty repartee. Miss McEwan is at her best when Beatrice turns serious.

The rest of the acting is a mixture of good, bad and indifferent, with one or two pleasant surprises and at least one sharp disappointment. Mr. Ian Richardson is a surprisingly good Don John, plausibly drawing the usually incredible villainy of the part out of a neurosis of romantic self-pity. Mr. Newton Blick, on the other hand, quite misses the wholly unconscious humour of Dogberry.

We come away from this production mildly disappointed, but the *Hamlet* acted by Mr. Ian Bannen and produced by Mr. Peter Wood leaves us with the impression that something has gone disastrously wrong. The actor's idea (quite a good one), apparently, is to present a Hamlet who is acutely conscious of his own degeneracy. Denmark is rotten to the core, and the cause of this general corruption is the ruling family whose blood runs through his own veins. His father is in hell, his uncle is a murderer, his mother an incestuous wife and he is himself not unaware that there is something incestuous in his own jealousy of the man who has married his mother. How, then, can he trust his own intentions of

goodness and truth? This self-mistrust begets the paralysing conviction that he is too deeply infected with the ills he deprecates ever to be able to set them right without disaster.

The practical advantage of this approach is that it takes the actor straightaway into the thick of the contradictions in Hamlet's character, and leaves him free to delineate a man who is by turns irresolute and ruthless, perceptive, coarse, pathetic, odious, fascinating yet perhaps eventually unlikeable. Mr. Bannen is a realistic actor of some achievement and high promise. He makes a good start, and then loses his way. The reason is all too plain. He hopes to get through by sheer acting, but the quick, springing quality of Hamlet's mind is not to be conveyed by any actor who mistrusts the verse and stakes all on his powers of realistic acting.

Mr. Bannen really murders the verse and everything in consequence goes wrong. A man conscious of an hereditary taint and so mistrustful of his own splendid mental powers becomes an hysteric. Even when alone on the stage and there can be no need to put an antic disposition on, he is always smiling to himself. The general interpretation of the hysteric follows more and more slavishly along psychiatric lines. He encrudes himself in a trunk to deliver the "rogue and peasant slave" speech and turns the closet scene with his mother into a frankly wild love scene. And we are left at the end with no sense of the clash between the intelligence and fineness of the prince and the fortuitousness, meanness and clumsiness of the forces that destroy him.

Mr. Wood's direction makes matters worse. Instead of stressing the corruption of the court he lets the Claudius and the Polonius and

the Gertrude and the Ophelia make whatever it pleases them to make of their characters, and poor Mr. Bannen is left with nothing to help out by force of contrast his own highly individual and possibly viable interpretation of the prince.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The Guns Of Navarone. Director J. Lee Thompson. (Gregory Peck, Anthony Quayle, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.) **Where The Boys Are**. Director Henry Levin. (Dolores Hart, George Hamilton, Yvette Mimieux.) **Cry For Happy**. Director George Marshall. (Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor, Miiko Taka.) **All Hands On Deck**. Director Norman Taurog. (Pat Boone, Buddy Hackett, Barbara Eden.)

They'll all be popguns after this

IT DOES NOT IN THE LEAST SURPRISE me that **The Guns Of Navarone** took something like four years to make—there is, as has been said of London, ever such a lot of it—but what positively astounds me is that any of the male stars survived the long ordeal. Boy! Do these guys take punishment! I don't suppose the thought of what they suffered will soften the hearts of the income tax chaps—but to my mind these stars should be allowed to keep every cent they were paid: they certainly earned their money the hard way.

The executive producer, Mr. Carl Foreman, who wrote the screenplay, would probably contend that this is an anti-war film—and most of the characters at one time or another, when not busily engaged in killing, do fall to fulminating against the futility of war—but I don't see this at all as a film with a message. It is just a gloriously shameless piece of Boys' Own fiction, strictly commercial, highly improbable, completely enthralling—and superbly directed.

The year is 1943, Greece and her islands have been overrun by Axis forces, and we are jolly worried about 2,000 of our boys, trapped on Kheros and in imminent danger of being wiped out. The navy cannot take them off this tiny island because the one channel to it is guarded by the two huge guns of Navarone—the most powerful in the world—which peer out menacingly from an impregnable cave.

Mr. Anthony Quayle, a British major, conceives the hare-brained idea that he and a few hand-picked saboteurs could scale Navarone's sheer and unguarded South Cliff by night, penetrate (somehow or other) the natural fortress and blow it and the guns up from within. Mr. James Robertson Justice, representing British Intelligence in an avuncular sort of way, approves the scheme. Mr. Gregory Peck, a famous mountaineer, fluent in Greek and German, is recruited. He and Mr. Quayle are joined by Mr. David Niven, a British explosives expert, Mr. Anthony Quinn, a bloodthirsty Greek ex-colonel, Mr. Stanley Baker whose prowess with a knife has earned him the name of "Butcher," and Mr. James Darren, a Greco-American youth, well-trained in killing by the thugs of Chicago. The fun begins.

Disguised as Greek fishermen, they set off for Navarone in a ramshackle old craft—and are interrupted by a German gunboat which, at perilously close quarters, they blow sky-high. They are overtaken and wrecked by a violent

storm—the most terrifying I have ever seen on the screen. Battered and half-drowned, they reach the South Cliff. Mr. Peck leads them up the cliff face (nearly giving me a heart attack)—to find at the top that there is, after all, a German sentry on guard there.

They dispose of him and make off across the island with some difficulty, since Mr. Quayle has sustained a broken leg and has to be carried. They meet up with two girl members of the Greek underground movement, the Misses Irene Papas and Gia Scala—without whom, quite frankly, I could have done, decorative though they are.

From here on, the little party is dogged by catastrophe and on several occasions I was prepared to believe they had, as the saying goes, "had it"—but, of course, I was wrong. The story has more twists in it than a yard of crochet-work and the climax—the actual blowing up of the fortress—is breathtakingly exciting and magnificently handled. I would suggest to Mr. Foreman that he strangle, out of hand, the celestial choir, whose caterwaulings at the end provide the film with its only anti-climax. You may emerge from this film a nervous wreck—but I think you'll feel you wouldn't have missed it for anything.

This is more than can be said for *Where The Boys Are* which, I think, is unlikely to appeal to any but teenagers. It deals with the mating habits of American college students who, apparently, every Easter converge upon Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to celebrate the rites of spring. While the boys are simply out for a spot of sex—a tumble on the beach or a romp in the bunkhouse—the girls seem to have marriage in mind.

By combining all the come-hither she can muster with a laudable caution in the closer holds, Miss Dolores Hart grabs herself a handsome millionaire—Mr. George Hamilton. Lanky and attractive Miss Paula Prentiss and plump Miss Connie Francis, too, chastely



Peril on the cliff face (top) as the leaders of the climb (Gregory Peck & Anthony Quinn) await their lagging followers. Above: The partisans (Irene Papas, James Darren, Anthony Quinn) receive their briefing for the final desperate dash to blow up the gun cave, in *The Guns Of Navarone*

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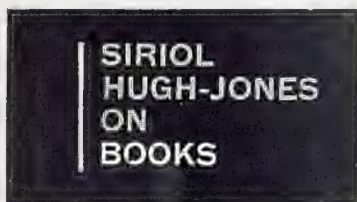
IN A VAST RANGE OF HEAVENLY NEW COLOURS

LANCÔME

achieve a conquest apiece. Only Miss Yvette Mimieux, who is kidded into believing that "sex is just something nice and friendly—like shaking hands," gets herself into a sorry mess. One must hope the teenagers take this cautionary tale to heart. I find the young on heat very tiresome.

Cry For Happy tells at excruciating length how four American sailors, for reasons that escape me, convert a Japanese geisha-house into an orphanage with the giggling assistance of four geisha-girls. Me, I could cry for boredom.

All Hands On Deck is another unpardonable naval lark. Mr. Buddy Hackett plays a crazy-rich Redskin rating (name of Shrieking Eagle) who delights a whole ship's company by mating his pet turkey with a pelican to produce a "pelikey." This sort of tasteless tripe gives me the gravest suspicion that somebody is out to sabotage the reputation of the U.S. Navy, and to give the impression that every one of its ships is manned by morons and officered by fools. Wake up, Mr. President—and put your foot down.



Friends & Kindred, by Louisa Kathleen Haldane. (Faber, 25s.)
Seventeen Come Sunday, by James Garford. (Faber, 16s.)
The Long Summer Day, by Patricia Ledward. (Macmillan, 16s.)
In A Summer Season, by Elizabeth Taylor. (Peter Davies, 16s.)
Daughter Of Mulberry, by Roger Longrigg. (Faber, 15s.)
New Sleeps The Crimson Petal, by H. E. Bates. (Michael Joseph, 15s.)
Coffee In The Interval, by June Franklin. (Longmans, 16s.)

What life looks like at 98

ONE OF THE GOOD THINGS ABOUT being an old lady is that it becomes one's prerogative to be formidable as well as charming. Louisa Kathleen Haldane was perhaps always both, and at 98 she has written some powerfully beguiling memoirs called **Friends & Kindred** which marvellously combine both qualities. She is the widow of John Scott Haldane and the mother of Naomi Mitchison and J. B. S. Haldane, and the book's dedication to her daughter opens on a note of superbly gentle asperity ("This book is for my daughter—indeed it is hers already, for she has recast much of it and deleted notes on friends which I have enjoyed

writing, and which I think most of those still alive would have enjoyed reading if it had come their way to do so. . . .")

With unflagging *brio* Mrs. Haldane describes her peripatetic childhood, the parties she went to and the clothes she wore, and her early married life in Oxford. Some of the most memorable passages concern the early scientific activities of her son, who was 10 or 11 when his father took him down a coalmine and lifted him up to the ceiling with instructions to say something, in order to demonstrate how asphyxia attacks those working at higher levels. ("Jack began with '*Friends, Romans, countrymen,*' but before he got to '*your ears*' he had passed out.") My favourite chapter in this brisk, cheerfully disconnected autobiography is about a Scotch terrier and a parrot once treasured by Mrs. Haldane, who left in her will a command that Polly should be cremated with her ("but he died first, of some kind of fit.")

It is this chapter that contains the peerless sentence: "*People who dined with us, the Poet Laureate for instance, admired the way Polly behaved at dinner.*" I love Mrs. Haldane, if she will forgive the familiarity, and I should like another instalment from her as soon as possible.

James Garford's **Seventeen Come Sunday** is—an enormously likeable, unpretentious and convincing novel, written in the first person in that offhand, casual prose that is now all the rage but which here is essential. It's about a boy growing up in a country town during, and just after, the war. He is a Roman Catholic, likes swimming and playing the organ, is in no way extraordinary or particularly sensitive, loves his friends and makes some preliminary discoveries about girls. Mr. Garford's hero is not a rebel carving his way to the top, and doesn't even hate his parents.

The book has enormous ebullience, and the writer seems to me to express a genuine love for and understanding of people in catchy and idiosyncratic prose—which is something a book-reviewer doesn't come across every day of the week and should raise a cheer about.

I had such a passion for an earlier book of Patricia Ledward's called **Twin Blessings**, a funny, poignant and lyrical first-hand variation on that old subject of how to cope with a young family on too little money, written with a great deal of heart and no eye on the audience. So I hate to say her novel **The Long Summer Day** came as a disappointment. It may have something to do with my unreasonable personal disinclination towards "lifeboat-stories"—in which the lives of a group of different persons, unknown to each other, are knotted together by some accident or disaster. In this case it's a car crash, and the

people concerned include a nice lorry-driver, a sad, secretive spinster, two children and a young married woman running off with a disagreeable lover. Miss Ledward writes intelligently, and seems to me to have done herself an injustice by committing herself to a sequence of little plots all too dangerously like ladies-mag-fiction.

Elizabeth Taylor's **In A Summer Season** seems to me pure lending-library material, despite all Miss Taylor's perspicacity and delicacy and easy, witty style. It is about Kate Heron who has married a nice waster younger than herself, is worried about her two children, and has reached an age when she permits her hairdresser to take drastic action with dyes. It's a book to read at a quick gulp, admiring Miss Taylor's handling of Araminta, the cool little upper-income-bracket model-girl with the hearty appetite, and not thinking too much about what exactly men mean when they describe something as a woman's book.

For some time now I have thought of Roger Longrigg as a man with a tiny, witty, jewelled tape-recorder instead of an ordinary vulgar old heart. But with **Daughters Of Mulberry** there comes an awful doubt. Can it be that he actually cares about his sad, boozy hero, Major Desmond Cook, backing horses to win his dream-house and plotting some dangerously involved coup? Speaking as one who has never quite grasped how you put money on a horse, let alone get it back, this funny and complicated novel about horse-racing people almost convinced me that there is more to racing than simply one horse running faster than all the others between two predetermined points. The book's jazziest character is an alarming white-haired female baritone horse-owner called Miss Robin DeFoe who gives lovely parties with clockwork-mouse-racing on the carpet.

H. E. Bates's collection of short stories, **Now Sleeps The Crimson Petal**, is expert and contains many a well-built blonde Bates girl striding through the humming, gold-flecked Bates summer weather. And June Franklin's **Coffee In The Interval** is about Viola, the 19-year-old daughter of a famous pair of theatre stars, who spends three romantic months in Clapham with a group of the young artistically unemployed. She loves Eddie the embryo playwright, who has irresistible green eyes and is a terrible tease to poor Viola, raising her hopes by asking her to take off her clothes and read him chapters of his own novel "The Crying Shadow." Unable to stir the tricky fellow into positive action, Viola bites her lip and jumps moodily into bed with his bearded chum Ward, a wild but kindly man in sandals—and if someone bought the film rights I shouldn't be at all surprised.

SPIKE HUGHES ON RECORDS

Grand Quintetto in B Flat, by Weber
Trio for Clarinet, Viola & Piano, by Mozart

La Battaglia Di Legnano, by Verdi

Uncle and the clarinets

ONE OF THE OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS of present-day unclehood, I find, is the nephew (and niece, as likely as not) who plays the clarinet. For there was never, surely, a generation that took to the instrument so determinedly, enthusiastically and in such large numbers as the one now rising in England and America. Clarinets have become so popular, indeed, that in a close-up picture of a corner of the National Youth Orchestra I saw the other day there were no fewer than six to be seen, though I can think of nothing in the repertoire that needs more than four clarinets at most. Anyway, it was good to see encouragement of this kind, even if it is made a little at the expense of the composer's first orchestral thoughts.

What started this modern vogue for the clarinet isn't clear. I often wonder whether it didn't all start with Benny Goodman. His famous recordings of the Mozart clarinet concerto and clarinet quintet may well have shown the young admirers of his jazz playing that their favourite instrument had other possibilities. Equally, the student listening to Benny's Mozart may similarly have had his ears opened to the possibilities of the clarinet in jazz and so have come to enjoy the best of both worlds.

The gramophone, having done its initial propaganda for the versatility of the clarinet, is now doing some adventurous exploration of the instrument's less obvious repertoire. Weber's piece with the resounding title of **Grand Quintetto in B flat** for clarinet and strings, for instance, turns out to be a quite enchanting discovery. The soloist is Gervase de Peyer, who plays it with a patently impudent delight in the virtuosity the composer asks of him. It is an exceptionally gay, lighthearted, and immediately endearing affair, full of the sort of hilarious phrases one associates more with Rossini than with the composer of the very German *Freischütz*. On the other side of the record (Oiseau-Lyre OL50190) Gervase de Peyer gives a richer, more emotional account of his instrument in Mozart's **Trio for Clarinet, Viola and Piano** (K. 498). This quaintly scored work dates from the same year as *The Marriage*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 361

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VERDICTS continued

Of Figaro and contains that same wistful mixture of grave and gay, those peculiar "shadows of human sadness cast by the sunlight of comedy" found in the opera. Whether you (or your nephew) play the clarinet or not, this is a most unusual and attractive record altogether. (Reminder for clarinetoman, nephews and a hint for clarinetophile uncles: the number of the Benny Goodman recording of the Mozart concerto and quintet is RC. RB16013, and still available.)

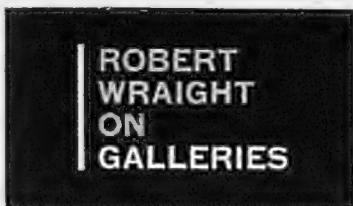
If Verdi had lived to see the Welsh National Opera Company at Sadler's Wells this week he wouldn't have been particularly surprised to find them performing one of his operas with the names, dates and places of the action changed. The censors were always doing that to him anyway in his early days, when Italy was occupied by the Austrians and he wrote what has been described as "agitator's music." The Welsh production called *The Battle* had nothing to do with censorship, of course. Verdi's *La Battaglia Di Legnano*, which was about the Lombard League's defeat of Frederick Barbarossa and the German hordes in 12th-century Italy, has been "up-dated" and the action translated into terms of the Italian partisans and their resistance to the Nazis in the last war.

In its original form *La Battaglia Di Legnano* naturally came in for plenty of censorship trouble. It was written a year after the Italians' unsuccessful insurrection against the Austrians in 1848, and was just what they wanted to cheer them up. Understandably, though, it didn't last long in its first rabble-rousing version; it was refashioned to become the comparatively harmless *Siege Of Haarlem*.

The Welsh re-write was first performed in Cardiff last October, where it was met with mixed feelings. Some of it proved very exciting; other parts less so, because the

character of the villain, for instance—a fictitious S.S. man called "Von Friedrich"—somehow just didn't register as much as the genuine historical figure of Barbarossa does in Verdi's original.

For anybody having heard *The Battle* who would like to hear Verdi's music again in its proper setting there is a complete recording of this rare and often powerfully stirring opera in the Cetra lists—LPC1220. Like all early Verdi it has its weaknesses, but there is never any doubt of the stature of the composer behind them.



Ten sculptors, and paintings by Tade, New London Galleries

Confessions of a wall-fancier

I LOVE WALLS. NOT JUST ANY OLD walls, but walls with character and colour and mystery.

I remember being fascinated as a child by a clinker wall pitted with holes in which a variety of insects lived happily until I winkled them out. But I was 30 before I actually fell in love with a wall, a beautiful old red-brick thing mellowed with age.

I say "red-brick" because that is what it was built with nearly 100 years ago. But when I first came under its spell it was in the bloom of its 80's and as lovely a multi-coloured piece of weather-sculpture as you ever saw. Especially at sunset on an autumn evening. Heavens! The hours I must have spent gazing at that wall from my window.

Then one day some swine came and tore the ivy off the top of it and knocked it down. I cried with impotent rage.

They are always knocking down walls where I live. Fifteen years ago the whole district was Victorian. Now it's nearly all neo-L.C.C. I didn't mind the houses themselves going, most of them were pretty ugly by any standards. But I miss the gardens and the old garden walls. I think I lament the passing of some of those walls even more than I deplore the insane, wholesale destruction of the fine trees that were once a special feature of the district.

To tell you the truth, I suppose I'm a bit barmy on this issue, a case of mural-madness. Certainly those people who stop to stare at me when I stop to stare at a wall must think so. But as I see it, there's so little time left for wall-gazing or, rather, there are so few walls left for a wall-gazer, that I'm even prepared to risk arrest for loitering with intent.

I suppose some of the new, vacant-looking concrete monsters will one day acquire some character, but it probably won't be in my time. I'm telling you all this so that if, by chance, you are not a wall-gazer yourself, you will still be able to understand the curious (was it psychic?) experience I had this week at the New London Gallery.

It began really a few months ago when I came, for the first and only time, upon what from now on will always be The Wall. It was a rough stone wall that had been rendered with cement and patched up over the years with all sorts of scrap materials, from sea shells to rusty iron. I caught it just as the winter sun was going down and it was washed in a pale vermilion light. The shells gleamed like mother o' pearl, the rusty iron glowed real red, the tired old grey cement was wiped with a purple glaze.

It was such a wall as you might dream of in Italy or imagine around a castle in Spain, but this was London, S.W.15. I watched it until the light had gone and went home elated to try to make a painting of it. Of course I failed miserably and went back next day at sunset to have another look. But the wall wasn't there!

No, I hadn't dreamed the whole thing. It was just that a philistine in a bulldozer had got there first. This time I didn't cry, I cursed and cursed and cursed.

During the following weeks I tried hard to forget The Wall but its image seemed permanently fixed on my retina. It came between me and everything I looked at until the day I walked into the exhibition of Tade's paintings. And there it was—my wall, The Wall—hanging in a frame, the mother o' pearl gleaming, mysteriously half-hidden at its centre, the rusty iron glowing,

the cement sucking up the light.

That the mother o' pearl turned out, on closer examination, to be a piece of tin and the cement was paint mixed with sand, came as a shock. Still, the rusty iron was real and if I had had the necessary few hundred pounds on me I would have bought the picture on the spot.

But is it art? you may ask. I don't know and I don't care. I know only that at that moment I felt a closer affinity with Mr. Tade than I have ever felt with any other abstract artist. None of his other "paintings" thrilled me quite as much as The One, but I could come to love any one of them—the one with the bottom of an old enamel bucket in it or the one with bits of black fisher-net twine careering over it like hieroglyphs, any of them.

Part of Tade's secret lies in the fact that he lives in Majorca, another part that he is an architect, a builder, a maker of walls. He was born in Cracow, studied in Florence and Zürich, and painted for years in France. How I envy him the walls he must have seen with his poet's eyes and the walls he must have built with his craftsman's hands.

I have left no room to do justice to the 10 sculptors of the exhibition's title. Most of them have not been seen in this country before. Several of them are deeply interesting, a few are highly original, all are beautifully displayed.

All except one are working in metal—bronze, brass rods, stainless steel rods, sheet steel. The exception is Tadeusz Koper who, by working in marble and onyx, makes himself almost unique in these days.

The most powerful of the 10 is the Dutchman Wessel Couzijn who contrives to make masses of bronze appear weightless. The most striking is Shinkichi Tagiri, who nearly succeeds, where so many have failed completely, in creating "organic" sculpture.

Germination—a bronze by Shinkichi Tagiri in the New London Gallery Ten Sculptors exhibition





PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY WARNER

It's just child's play at the hairdressers these days—proved here by a sequence of Emily Eden and Sarah Forbes. And every mother who has ever given her child's hair up as a bad job will welcome a new concept in the forgotten art of the child's coiffure. The fresh approach is that children love a taste of nursery-sophistication and grown-upness in a place of their *own*, where they are treated with the consideration normally afforded adults. And not looked down on as a rather boring offshoot of an adult salon. (The average stylist regards children as the bottom of the hairdressing scale, to be avoided at all costs and the result is a child resisting every effort to make it sit still.)

To put the fun back into children's hairdressing John Junior opened in Thurloe Place this spring. Already around 80 children go there happily each week to put shine and order in their hair—the word got round quickly at parties and dancing classes. Children love the compleat nursery downstairs where they zoom down the chute, scribble on the cupboard doors made of blackboard, or merely play with the 101 toys. They have taken to the canopied sandpit in the paved garden adjoining the nursery where they play seesaw or swing in the hammock. Here their doings are carefully supervised by a kind but collected trained nurse. They relax in their own salon, sealed

to childish heights with blue porcelain hobby-horses to sit on, and a fairytale air with its high pavilion ceiling and long windows swagged in pink and white. They stare, rapt, at fairytale fishes as swim in castled water and even take the sometimes worrying business of cutting and washing with tear-free eyes.

John Junior was thought out by a young mother with two children herself, so she *knows* what's needed. She thinks (rightly) that a busy, often upside-down life, needs hair that falls back into place even after a tumble with a small adversary. Solution: a brief cap-cut with brushed across fringe and hair cut the same length all over. She realizes that most fathers hate taking a small boy of under five to the barbers. Solution: John Junior which copes with small boys' frequent haircuts, too. She sympathises with the small children who are often scared stiff of driers. Solution: the electric comb that dispenses heat as it combs into place—ideal for the cap cut. She understands that small bodies won't often reach drier height. Solution: a seat that fits over the arms of the drier proper. Finally and most importantly, she has come to grips with the problem of what to do with a child at the hairdressers. Solution: the nursery and sandpit are free of charge. The salon upstairs is quite grown-up.

Elizabeth Williamson



DINING IN

Professional pork pies

Helen Burke

IN A WORLD WHERE EVERYTHING IS being speeded up, living habits change almost too rapidly, and food is nearly the most regimented thing of all, it heartens me to receive an occasional letter (generally from a man), asking me for a recipe for a pie, a type of food most people would be content to leave to the professional.

A man reader recently wrote to tell me of his efforts to make a pork pie which not only looked but also tasted "professional." Try as he did, he could not quite succeed. Always there was something missing. But what?

The PORK PIE I shall give you now is one from Florence White's *Good Things in England* (Jonathan Cape, 15s.). I strongly recommend this book (first published in 1932) to all who like good English fare.

As her ingredients were given in fairly large amounts—a stone of flour and so on—I have scaled them down for ordinary household use.

Cut the gristly bits and bones from a lb. of pork, two parts lean and one part fat. Put them into a

pan with 3 oz. pork rind, freed of fat and cut into strips. Cover with cold water and season a little. Simmer, covered, for 3 hours.

Meanwhile, cut the meat into small pieces. Add to them about $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt, a good pinch of white pepper and a teaspoon of anchovy essence.

For the crust of the pie, what is called "hot-water pastry" is required. Bring to the boil 8 oz. lard and $\frac{3}{4}$ pint water. Pour this into a generous 2 lb. plain flour, sifted with a level small teaspoon of salt, and stir together. When cool enough to handle, knead well. Put the mixture into a basin and keep it warm. If it is allowed to become cold it will be unmanageable.

Reserve a quarter of this pastry for the lid and shape the larger portion as you wish. Work a depression in the centre with the knuckles of one hand and gradually raise the sides to form the pie. Or, more easily, flatten the centre of the pastry to fit a warmed cake tin, 5 to 6 inches in diameter. Use a loose bottomed tin for preference. Place the pastry in the tin and force

the thick part up the sides right to the top, keeping it of even thickness all the way.

Fill the case with the meat mixture. Damp the edges of the pastry. Roll out the reserved piece and place it in position. Pinch the edges together and trim off surplus pastry. Roll this out and cut it into leaves or diamonds. Cut a hole in the centre of the top, to allow steam to escape. Brush the surface with beaten egg. Arrange the leaves around the hole and brush them, too, with beaten egg.

Have the oven preheated to 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6. Place the pie in the centre of it and bake for 30 to 40 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 and continue to bake, allowing $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours in all. When the crust is golden cover it with a wetted double piece of greaseproof paper to prevent it becoming too dark and hard.

Before removing the pie from the oven, bring the strained stock to the boil. While both are really hot, take a funnel and pour as much of the stock into the pie as it will hold.

Leave to become cold in a cold place—and make sure that it really is a cold place.

Mention of pork reminds me that you can now buy sucking-pig, boned, glazed and stuffed with a special and "secret" galantine, including the meat of the pig,

pistachio nuts and truffles, sliced ready to serve, for a guinea a pound. All this calls for expert work and, unless bought, is hardly likely to appear at the home table.

MUTTON PIES, the famous one-time "twopenny pies" of Scotland, have a similar hot-water pastry. There are all sorts of recipes for them, but the one I like most is that of a Scottish relative. She moulded 5 to 6 small pies into shape, reserving enough pastry for the lids. Easier, line 5 to 6 patty tins with the pastry.

Remove the bones from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 lb. lean mutton. Cover them with water, add seasoning to taste, and simmer until a nice stock is obtained.

Cut the meat itself into small pieces and season them with salt and pepper and, if liked, a pinch of mace. Moisten with the stock.

Fill the pies with the meat and put on the "lids" as above, but without any "leaves" or diamonds. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6.

When the pies come from the oven, pour a little of the hot stock into each and serve them at once. They are the juiciest you will ever taste!

Some people increase the flavour of the stock by adding to it a little mushroom ketchup or meat glaze. Some even sprinkle the meat in the first place with a little curry-powder. But this is not for me!



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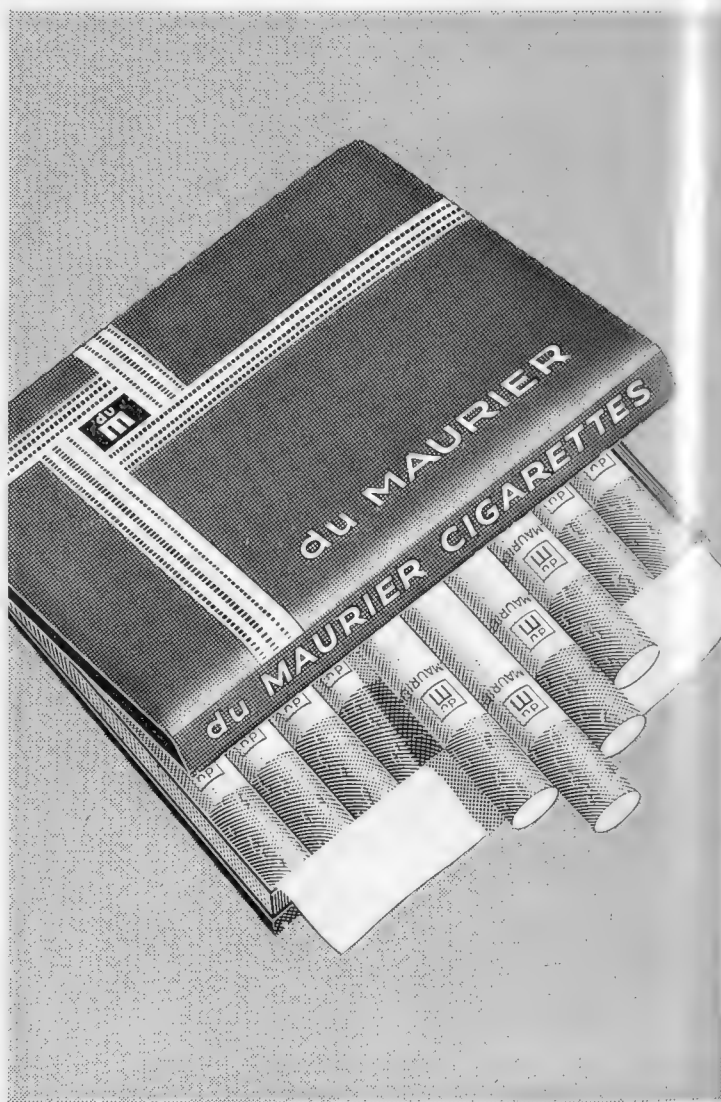
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MAN'S WORLD

Brighten your brand-image

David Morton

SPRING'S A TIME FOR RETHINKING IN the clear light of what's new. So here's a list of fresh-thought clothes and accessories that may inspire men to create for themselves what the admen call "a new brand-image."

New hats for summer, and more men wearing them—sales last year were up 20 per cent on '59. Styles are small and streamlined in light, cool fabrics and straws. Some of the felt hats are perforated all over to keep a cool head and I saw one convincing imitation of straw made in plastic which is completely crushproof. There are plain, striped and patterned linens and some genuine panamas selling for only 35s. Any one of all these hats would be the ideal complement to a light-weight suit.

New information on an eau de Cologne—made up by the late Christian Dior for his own use. Called *Fraiche*, it lives up to its name with a cool, lasting lemony smell.

New material for shirts—Arrow spin dry cotton, treated to take the curl out of fibres so they can't wrinkle. After washing and spin drying the shirt is hung to air and needs no ironing whatsoever. These Arrow shirts are made in 28 different combinations of sleeve and collar size, with the Glen collar styling and the convertible style cuffs, and sell for 45s.

New colour for suitings—Iroquois, a mixture of red and black chosen by Hector Powe for this spring and summer. I've seen five patterns in the range, all 13-14 oz., in twill, hopsack cluster pinstripe and a diced check design, and there are more to come.

New sports shirt—the *Corker*, knitted from drip-dry Clydella yarn (cotton for comfort and wool for warmth). This shirt has ribbed marl inserts at the side waist and a similar collar that can be worn open or closed.

New fastening for trousers—the *Velco* touch and close burr type on John Shannon's *Agrippas*. This

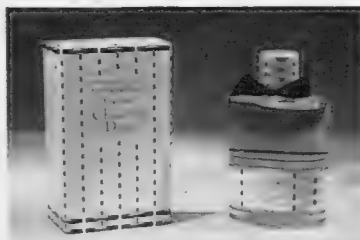
fastening is infinitely adjustable and takes any strain on the waistband.

New shoes—Hornes are selling a waterproof city shoe that is light and incorporates the *Veldtschoen* construction adapted to town use. The shoes are hand-lasted and cost 115s. in black, 117s. 6d. in brown.

New hair dressing—*Top Brass* by Revlon, the first of a series of men's preparations to come from this firm. It's a holding agent which they claim will add body even to thinning hair and combat dandruff. It's non-greasy, too. 6s. 6d.

New colour for shoes—Bally of Switzerland—"custom smoke" antique finish, in line with the trend to make new shoes look as if they have enjoyed years of attention and polishing.

New tanning agent—created by Dr. S. Zygmunt, head of Ambassador toilet preparations for men: guaranteed to tan with no help from the fitful English sun. **New branch** of a very old shop. Gieves first opened as naval tailors at Portsmouth in 1785, and have now opened a new branch in the City at 142 Fenchurch Street. The Lord Mayor attended the opening—he bought his Naval Cadet's uniform from Gieves when he was 13. Gieves have also opened branches in Winchester and Cambridge in the last two years—evidence of the "catch them young" policy.



New for spring: *Light Granella-cloth hat* (below), approx. 30s. Above right: *Dior eau de Cologne* for men. Right: *Corker leisure shirt* in houndstooth check, 45s.

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MOTORING

Fiat for world markets

Gordon Wilkins

A FEW WEEKS AGO I MADE A TOUR of that part of Italy which lies between Alba and Asti, where the sunlit hills enfold villages bearing famous names like Barbaresco and Barolo, and stopping at the famous *domaine* of Fontanafredda, once presented by a king of Italy to his mistress, but now run more prosaically by the Bank of Italy. A region famous not only for its wines, but also for its truffles.

But the objective was not primarily gastronomic. It was to try out Fiat's new car, which goes under the type numbers of 1300 or 1500 according to the size of its engine. Not so long ago we used to admire the accurate steering and sure roadholding of Italian cars which had been developed out of necessity on the mountain roads of their homeland. Nowadays, though, everyone has to design for world markets and in most respects these new Fiats are remarkably conventional in conception. Much thought has been given, however, to making them rugged, reliable and pleasant to use. Indeed, the prototypes were thrashed by teams of test drivers

from the snows of the Arctic to the dust clouds of tropical Africa.

The result is quite impressive. These are the first 1½-litre family saloons to use disc brakes (British Girlings on the front wheels) and in that respect they have stolen a march on our own industry. Outward appearance seems to have been influenced by the line of Chevrolet's compact Corvair or perhaps the Rambler, with a high and prominent waist moulding extending right round the car from just above the four headlamps. It is a chunky rather than a slinky line, but it does enclose a large amount of useful space in a compact car only 13½ feet long. There are four comfortable seats, with good headroom and an unusual amount of legroom for the rear passengers. The big boot is of practical shape.

Safety has been specially studied and the car has a host of fittings which increase the pleasure of driving. The bonnet is hinged at the front and opens forward. Interior door latches are in the form of triggers just below the armrests. Switches on the instrument panel

are of the flush-fitting piano-key type. The steering wheel has a recessed centre, and there is thick padding on the visors and on the top and bottom edges of the instrument panel. Front seats are separate, each with an adjustable fully reclining backrest, and a full horn-ring works truck-shifter horns.

There are warning lights to show when reverse gear is engaged and to remind one not to drive away with the handbrake on. A special pedal allows one to work windscreen washer and wiper simultaneously during those maddening moments when one is stuck behind a truck that is spraying mud over the windscreen. There are grab handles in the roof to steady the passengers when the driver is making full use of the Fiat's fast cornering abilities, though I felt these were rather too rigid for maximum safety.

The driving position is excellent, as one has come to expect on Fiats. Steering is light when parking and the driver can see all four corners of the car. The ride is remarkably steady, with little roll or pitch, and the roadholding sets the expected high standard. Design is orthodox, with independent front suspension and a rigid axle at the rear, but there is only a trace of rear-axle patter to be noticed when pressing on over rough gravel tracks.

In performance, the car is really in the sports saloon class. Fiat say that with the 1,300 c.c. engine it has

been timed at 89 m.p.h. and with the 1,500 c.c. engine at just under 95 and my first checks with a stopwatch against Italian kilometre posts suggest these figures should be attainable with cars which are fully run in.

The choice of two engine sizes is offered mainly to cater for countries like Italy where tax is still based on engine size. Both engines are basically four cylinders of the six-cylinder unit used in the 1800 and 2100. The smaller one, of 1,295 c.c., gives a maximum of 72 horsepower. The larger one, of 1,481 c.c., gives an impressive 80 horsepower on the test bed. It is not long ago since that was regarded as a good figure for a two-litre sports engine. Transmission is by a good four-gear box with synchromesh on all speeds and a really excellent steering-column gear change.

Besides the extensive testing overseas, each of the six original prototypes did at least 40,000 miles of high-speed running on the new Italian autostrade at a cruising speed of 84 m.p.h. Besides driving the engineers to develop reliable engines, this test programme gave the tyre manufacturers some severe headaches and they developed special tyres which they say will stand up to these high cruising speeds without trouble.

These Fiats should be available in Britain later this year, but prices are not yet fixed.

Roomy but with sports car performance: the new Fiat with two sizes of engine



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The Crypton Analyser. This instrument is used to check the electrical circuits, and especially the generator, coil and distributor. It is far more precise and efficient than older methods. In addition, the Crypton Gas Analyser is used to check correct carburation at all



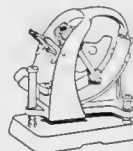
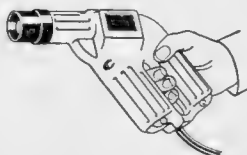
running speeds. Small inaccuracies in mixture, not normally noticeable, are eliminated and a perfect setting obtained.

The Stroboscope. The accurate timing of the ignition has an important effect on the smoothness and economical running of an engine.

To obtain exceptional smoothness and economy, instruments such as the Stroboscope are used. By connecting it to the ignition the timing can be exactly determined at all revolutions.

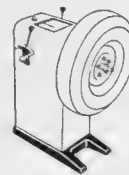
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Brake Efficiency Tester is used. It traces on a graph the stopping power of the brakes and reveals any tendency to pull to one side.

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Engagements



Miss Sarah Lampard to Mr. Jeremy Nieboer. *She* is the daughter of Mr. M. Lampard, of Tiverton, and of Mrs. G. Gower Williams, of Markham Square, S.W.3. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. H. A. Nieboer, of Darlington Place, Bath



Miss Henrietta Gleeson to Mr. Stanley Walton Blanchard. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Martin M. Gleeson, of Dublin, Republic of Ireland. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. S. W. Blanchard, of San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.



Miss Anne Umney to Capt. Michael Evans, Royal Tank Corps. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Umney, of Seymour Place, London, W.1. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. L. Evans, of Chestnut Avenue, Esher



ALICE BROWN Miller—Bruce: Diana Rosemary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. S. Miller, formerly of Nairobi, Kenya, was married to David Hamilton Grant Duff, only son of the Hon. J. H. & Mrs. Bruce, of Cefn Pennar House, Mountain Ash, Glamorgan, at All Saints' Cathedral, Nairobi

Weddings

Capel Cure—Lindsay: Sarah Virginia, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Capel Cure, of Blake Hall, Ongar, Essex, was married to the Hon. Thomas Richard Lindsay, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Crawford & Balcarres, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. J. G. Mackie and Miss V. Couling

The engagement is announced between John Gordon, son of the late John Mackie, and of Mrs. E. K. Mackie, of 20 Richmond Road, Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, and Vivien, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Couling, of Flore Cottage, Flore, Northampton.

Mr. C. G. P. Alderson and Miss S. MacLachlan

The engagement is announced between Christopher Gordon Paul, son of the late Dr. C. R. Alderson, M.M., M.C., and Mrs. P. M. Alderson, of Ratton Croft, Park Lane, Eastbourne, and Sheila, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David S. MacLachlan, of Craigbrae, Kings Avenue, Eastbourne.

Mr. J. R. Reeves and Miss C. M. Figgis

The engagement is announced between Jeffrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Reeves, of Glebe House, Moulsoford, Berkshire, and Caroline, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Figgis, of Farm Lodge, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, Republic of Ireland.

Mr. J. G. Ferrie, R.N., and Miss J. P. Wilson

The engagement is announced between Sub-Lieut. John Grant Ferrie, R.N., of The School House, Reston, Berwickshire, and Judith Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Wilson, of 2 The Terrace, H.M. Dockyard, Devonport.

Mr. O. V. D. Rena and Miss S. M. Stuart Black

The engagement is announced between Oliver Victor Dollfus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Rena, of 37 Cadogan Square, London, S.W.1, and Sarah Mary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Stuart Black, of The Old Manse, Balfron, Stirlingshire.

Captain J. W. Masters and Miss J. K. Mackenzie-Edwards

The engagement is announced between John Walton Masters, Fifth Fusiliers, son of the late Brigadier Charles Walton Masters, and Mrs. Walton Masters, and Janet Katherine, daughter of Captain R. L. Mackenzie-Edwards, C.B.E., Royal Navy, J.P., and Mrs. Mackenzie-Edwards, of Wellington House, Weymouth.

Mr. M. R. Ludlow and Miss P. E. M. Truscott

The engagement is announced between Michael, son of the late Sir Richard Ludlow, and of Lady Ludlow, of Weston Green House, Thames Ditton, Surrey, and Prunella, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. B. Truscott, of 6 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham.

Mr. C. M. Gass and Miss J. A. Cordingly

The engagement is announced between Colin Malcolm, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gass, of 57 St. Margaret's Avenue, N.20, and Juliet Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Cordingly, of Dingle Ridge, Arkley, Herts.

Mr. W. M. Hollister and Miss J. S. Boston

The engagement is announced between Walter Mark, son of the late Mr. Harold E. Hollister, and of Mrs. Christie H. Hollister, of Burlington, Vermont, U.S.A., and Jane Sally, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. K. Boston, of Tar Wood House, South Leigh, Oxfordshire.

The Rev. C. Wyndham Evans and Miss S. Huw Jones

The engagement is announced between the Rev. Charles Wyndham Evans, Chaplain of Llandovery College, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Evans, of Bala, Merioneth, and Miss Sheila Huw Jones, younger daughter of Councillor Hugh Jones, J.P., and Mrs. Hugh Jones, of Fern Bank, Llanfairfechan, Caernarvonshire.

Mr. D. F. Anderson and Miss B. H. Young

The engagement is announced between Daniel Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Anderson, of 8 Crossmead Avenue, Greenford, and Betty, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Young, of Salem, 147 Malden Way, New Malden, Surrey.

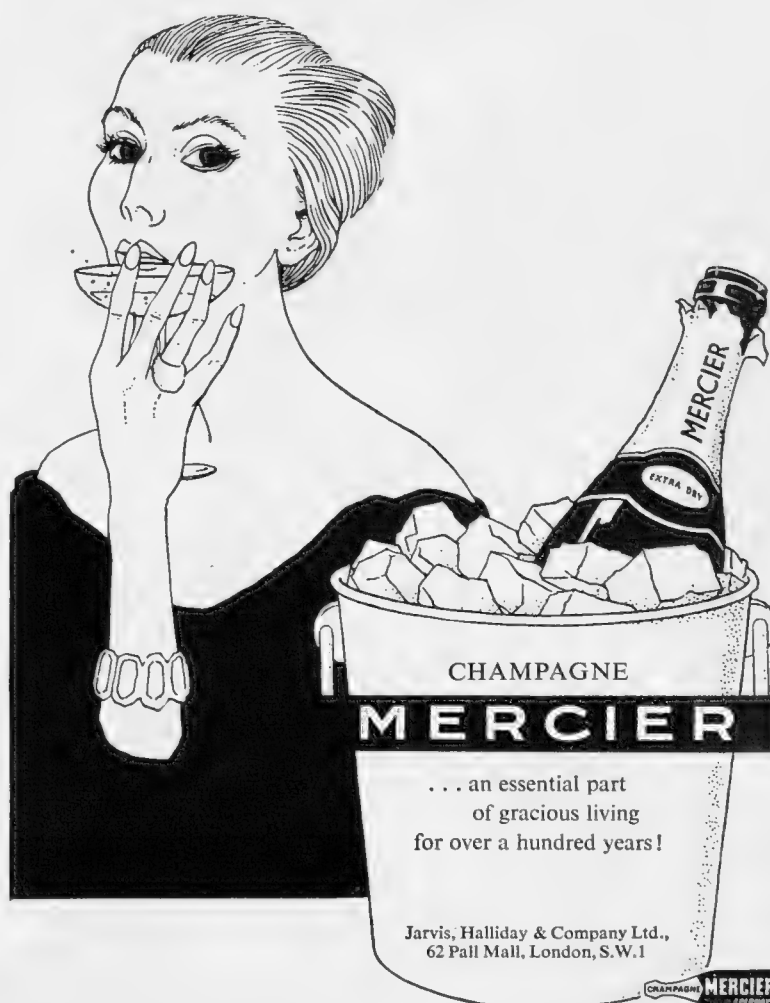
Mr. D. Witcomb and Miss R. McClintock

The engagement is announced between David Witcomb, son of the Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Witcomb, of St. Andrew's Vicarage, Northampton, and Rhoda, youngest daughter of the Rev. E. L. L. and Mrs. McClintock, of Lyndhurst, Stanstead Abbots, Ware.

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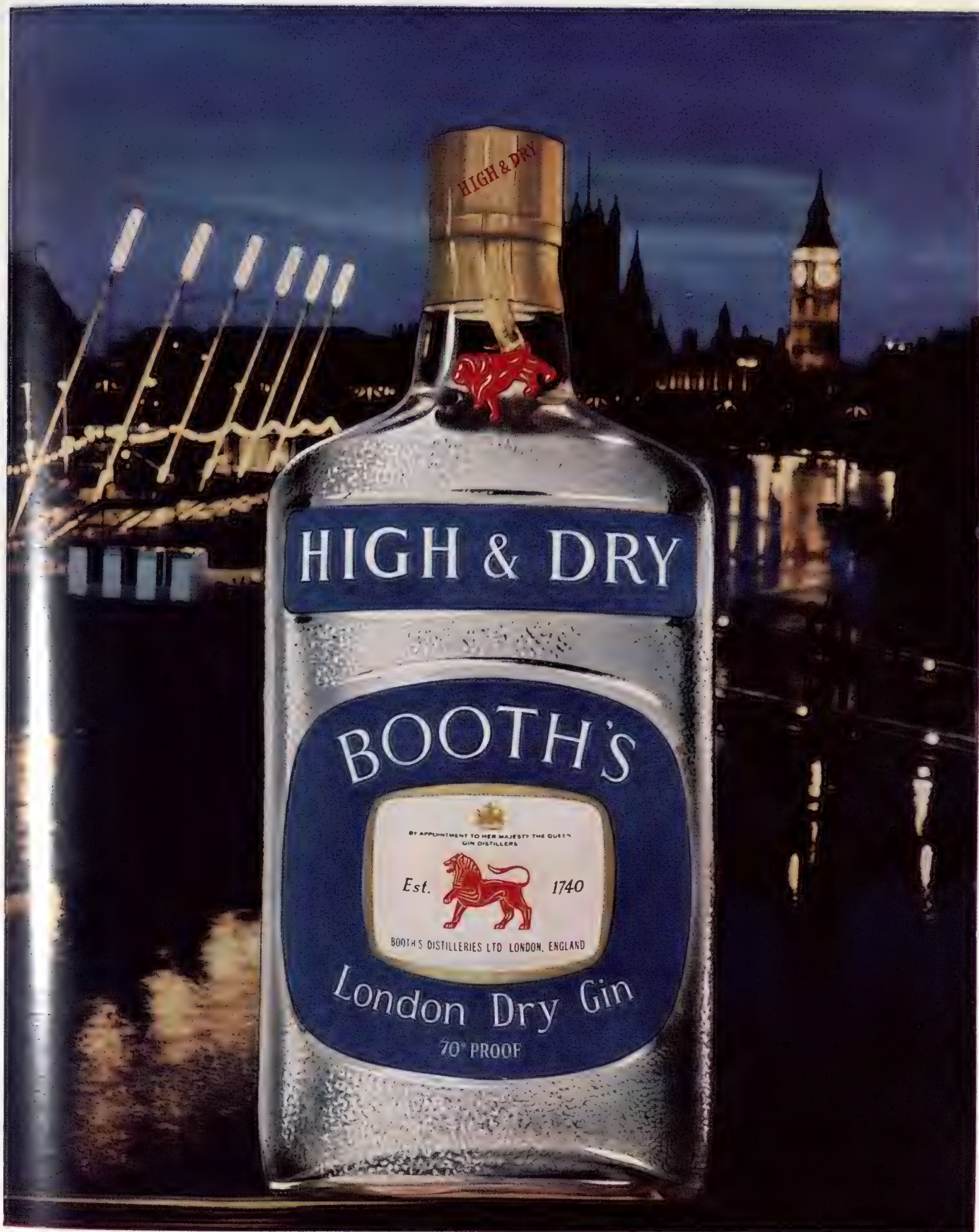
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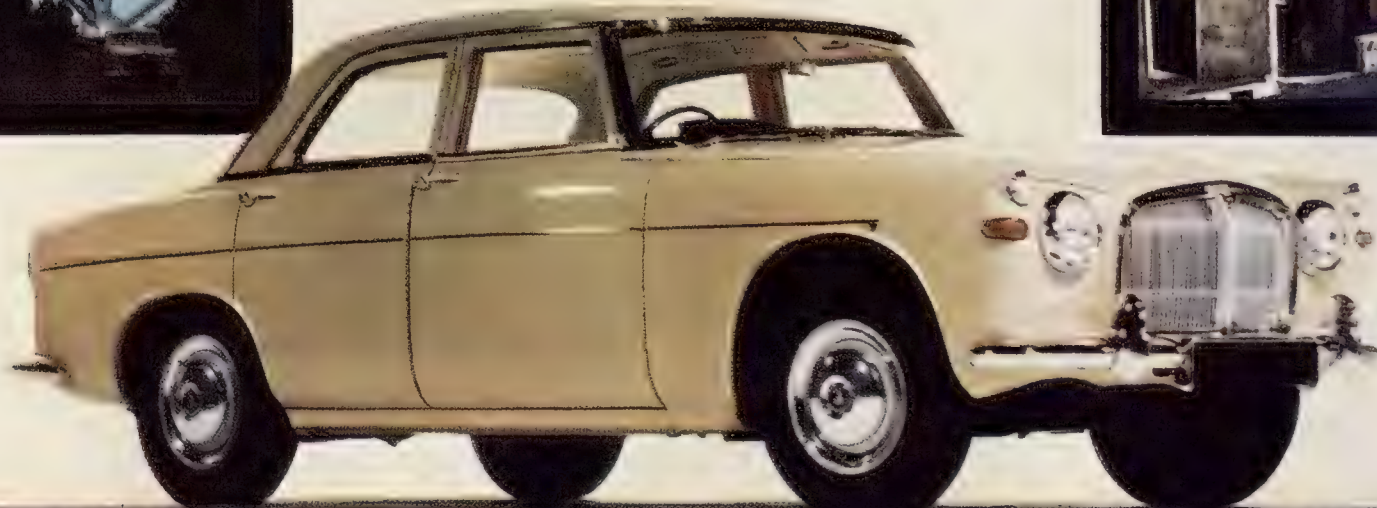
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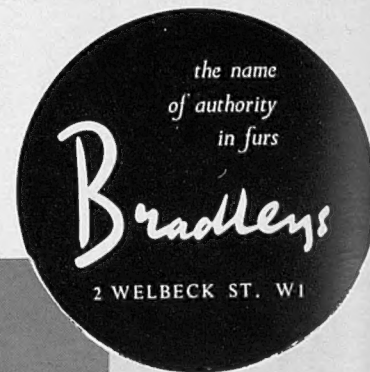


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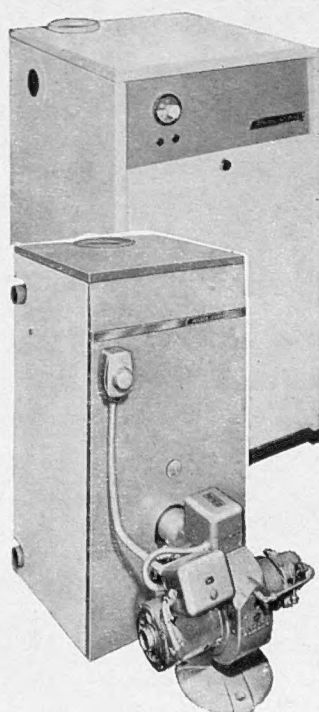
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